

THE PAPAL STATES.

1. *Degli ultimi Casi di Romagna: di Massimo d'Azeglio.* Lugano: 1846.
2. *The present Movement in Italy.* By the Marquis MASSIMO D'AZEGLIO. London: 1847.

There is once more a chance for Italy; and it comes from an unexpected quarter — from Rome itself. On crossing from the Roman territory into Tuscany, every tourist, struck by the contrast, has long exclaimed — “See the abominable misgovernment of the Patrimony of the Church.” Political philosophers have long quoted its condition as proof positive and irresistible, of the effects of putting temporal power into spiritual hands; and as being the crowning example of Clarendon’s celebrated maxim — that the clergy took worse measures of affairs than any other class that could read and write. Italian patriots have long mourned over the unfortunate geographical position of the Papal States, stretching from sea to sea, and thus offering an insurmountable barrier to any prospect of a sound Italian nationality. The doctrine of the Holy Alliance (and latterly of the Monarch of the Barricades), that political reforms must come from above, and that whenever it was otherwise, foreign sovereigns should interfere, for the protection of their order — appeared to shut the gates of hope on Italy. For, under these circumstances (as in our protected states in India), who could have anticipated that the “right divine to govern wrong” would be ever voluntarily resigned by the possessor of it? Certainly not the Italian people: nor the historians of the successors of St. Peter — from Hildebrand to Gregory the Sixteenth. Truly Pius IX. has taken kings, and Christendom, and Austria, by surprise.

It is no slight evil to an English diocese, when its Bishop is more bent on aggrandizing a family than on looking after his clergy and his poor — on saving money than on saving souls. What a terrible thought, therefore, that *nepotism* (both word and thing) should have come out of the treasures of the Vatican, to corrupt the world by fatal examples of a perpetual breach of trust — in what ought to have been the purest of all earthly places! and that the worst governed state in Europe should have been that, which was under the immediate authority of the Holy See! Yet there is another thought almost as painful. Contrary to all reasonable expectation, and beyond our most sanguine hopes, Providence has at length raised up a reforming Pope; for

the removal of such fearful contradictions, and for the deliverance of these unhappy provinces from the misery and scandal of many ages. Pius XI. is a ruler, resolute as Luther, yet gentler than Melancthon. His own people fall on their knees, at his amnesties and ordinances, with a deeper reverence than under his most solemn benedictions before the steps of St. Peter’s. The arms, which were turned against his predecessors, in periodical insurrections from 1820 to 1845, are now all united enthusiastically in his defence. Wherever he appears, *gratior it dies, et soles melius nitent*; and the political horizon is clearing day by day from Civita Vecchia to Ancona. Yet, in the face of virtues so unexampled, and of the festive happiness of a whole people, what at this moment do we see arrayed against him? — Austrian bayonets glittering across the Po, and the treacherous combinations of the wily spider of the *Palais Royal*! Pius XI. might have made his people miserable with impunity. His predecessors had done so. But let him try to make them happy, and it is at the peril of his crown — perhaps of his life. This is the reverence of Roman Catholic princes for the head of their Church — this his reward for daring to introduce the virtues of the Gospel among the principles of his civil government! Father Ventura, the celebrated Theatine preacher, declared not long ago, that his Holiness had not a friend among European Sovereigns — except England and the Turk. — *Vi assicuro, che il Papa non ha, fra i Sovrani, nessuno amico, eccettuati sempre pero l’Inglese e il Turco.* We still hope, however, notwithstanding what passed not long ago at Cologne, that Prussia might also have been added.

It is a wretched thing to have an interest that any body should be made unhappy through the misconduct of another. Yet this was long the relation of Russia to Poland. It is now the relation of Austria to Italy. Russia prevented Poland from improving her constitution, that she might be so much the more easily dismembered and absorbed. From her Lombardo-Venetian provinces, Austria watches every movement in the rest of Italy, with the same object. She has, unfortunately, a direct interest, that the several members of the great Italian family should continue jealous of each other: that the Italian part of Italy should be more uneasy and worse governed * than the Austrian; and that there

* ‘Austria knows this well; and knows too, how to profit by it. If the subjects of the Papal government

should never arise an Italian nationality or an Italian nation. The instant, therefore, that a spark of life appears in Italy, the hoof of the Croat is set in motion to tread it out. It is true, after the disturbances of 1830 in the Papal states had been put down, that Austria went through the form of joining the other four great powers (May, 1831) in a memorandum to Gregory XVI., then newly elected Pope, recommending certain reforms as essentially necessary. This was, however, a pure formality: for, on Cardinal Bernetti's attempting to give effect in part to the recommendation, Austria interfered. Her interests are so diametrically opposed to those of Italy, that Azeglio assumes it as a fact, of which there can be no question; and he assumes accordingly, that no justice is to be expected from her.

But what are we to say to France? That great country can have no manner of interest in the degradation of Italy. Quite the contrary. But, if her government had frankly played into the hands of Austria from the first, its policy would not have been more fatal to Italy than it actually has been: while it would have saved that unhappy country from no end of hopes and struggles—encouraged only to be betrayed. The French occupation of Ancona, as explained by Cassimir Perrier to the Chamber in 1832, had two objects: in the first instance, the protection of the Papal states against Austria; but, in the next place, the introduction of those administrative reforms, which are a better security to governments than the repression of periodical rebellions. Ancona, however, was afterwards evacuated; with no further security for this last object than may be supposed to be contained in the brilliant speeches which M. Guizot and M. Duchatel (the present ministers), as well as the Duc de Broglie and M. Thiers, made on the occasion. And now that the Pope himself has turned reformer, what mist is again poisoning the policy of the Tuileries? Instead of co-operating to raise up two noble nations in the two peninsulas, the French people—so proud (and justly) of their nationality—are made to look like conniving parties to some secret compact, by which France is to give up Italy to Austria, on condition that Spain is delivered over to the matrimonial designs of the house of Orleans!—a turn of affairs this, surely, in which France

do not seek to be joined to Austria, (as many believe and say, and propagate the thought, *colla infame società Ferdinanda*), we have to thank the generous nature of the Romagnuoli, and their national and truly Italian spirit (Byron called them two-legged leopards). They prefer any evil before submission to the common enemy. But the Papal government, we must admit, has left nothing undone, on its side, to reduce them to accept this hard alternative.” — *Azeglio*, 1845.

has no more interest than glory. It will be a difficult task for any future historian of “modern European civilization” to reconcile any conscientious sympathy in its progress, with these transactions. Whoever wishes to study severe morality on paper, will do well to read M. Guizot's writings: whoever wishes to study loose morality, illustrated by examples, cannot do better than track him in his late ministerial career.

If ever a nation assumed a moral attitude which entitled it to the confidence of neighbouring powers, it is the Moderate and Progressive party, now happily a great majority throughout Italy, and represented by the Pope himself. The Moderate party is become so numerous as to be the National party. Their great rule of conduct has been, to substitute appeals to reason, in the place of appeals to force: to urge forward the governments in order that revolution may be anticipated by reform: and to keep back the people, in order that no pretext may be given for Austrian intervention. The first year of the Pontificate of Pius IX., so regarded, would make an *annus mirabilis* in any history.

A few months before the late Pope was passing to his last account, Azeglio laid at the old man's feet a glowing picture of the terrible effects of his misrule, and of what was his awful responsibility. Gregory must have trembled even in St Peter's chair, as he read of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come.

“Either my accusations,” said Azeglio, “are calumnies—if so, prove it—or, it is true, that One who preaches justice, and sits in its highest charge, is himself committing injustice. And then, it is reasonable to ask of him—if there are two Gospels, and two morals, or only one—if he is convinced or no, of that which he is preaching and teaching to the world? It is then reasonable to ask of him, to deny one of two things—either his teaching or his actions: to demand of him, if in our age it be lawful, or among things possible, to maintain any authority whatever, upon the flagrant and perpetual denial of its own proper principles: if there be a man in the world who can have a right to set at defiance the reason of all mankind: and if it be not too great an absurdity to suppose that mankind will quietly resign themselves to the multitude of evils which must ensue? On the contrary, it is reasonable to tell him:—Of the risings of Romagna, of those slaughters, those exiles, of the tears of so many unhappy persons, you will have to render an account to God—you, their governor, and not your wretched subjects, trodden under your feet. Their blood will be rained down upon your head; their sorrows, their tears, will be judged of by that tribunal before which there come neither crowns, nor sceptres, nor tiaras—things which have

mouldered in the grave—but where only is presented the naked human soul, with no safeguard against the sword of eternal justice, but the shield of its own innocence; where your deeds will be weighed in those incorruptible scales, in which the least of injuries done to the least of men, weighs heavier than all the thrones and all the sceptres of the universe.

"Either all that you are teaching of the justice of God, and of his tremendous judgments in another life, is false: And then my words are folly, and you will do ill to heed them: Or, what you are teaching is true, and you are persuaded of it, and you believe that God will one day require of you a reason for your works: *I gave you a people, what have you done with them?* And then, tell me, tell me by what name your actions must be then described! Tell me, what possible explanation can be rendered of the course you are pursuing: Tell me; for of myself I can neither find one nor divine one. The powerful of the earth—the others, may laugh me to scorn as a declaimer. But though they may do so, you dare not, you cannot, without making yourself and your words, a lie."—(*Degli ultimi Casi di Romagna*, 1845.

Pius IX. was born at Sinigaglia, May, 1792, of the family of Mastai. He was sent on a mission, many years ago, to Chili. From what we have heard of his musings with one of his colleagues, as they sate on deck, during the silent watches of the night, he can have wanted no other warning than his own enlightened conscience, now that the awful responsibility has been brought home to his own person. *Vedremo grandi cose*, prophesied his colleague on his election. It may be a cruel alternative, which Metternich, and Metternich's abettors, set before him. But he must not quail. There are those who can only "kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do." Be not afraid of them! While, upon all who are wicked enough to seek to swamp in blood the fruitful seeds of this great

political (and, sooner or later, religious) reformation, we could almost call down the curse of Byron:—"The Huns are on the Po. The dogs! the wolves! may they perish like the host of Sennacherib! Let it be still a hope to see their bones piled like those of the human dogs at Morat in Switzerland, which I have seen."—(*Ravenna*: 1821.)

The boldness with which, in treating of the last movement in Romagna, Azeglio rebuked one Pope, will relieve him of all suspicion of flattering another. For all that Pius IX. has accomplished during the first year of his pontificate, we can therefore safely refer our readers to Azeglio's recent appeal to Europe, on the present movement in Italy. "That throne," he declares, "which tottered under his feet, when he ascended it, is now the firmest in Europe. The religious regeneration in the populace is most remarkable. We see them influenced by the great example of virtue and self-denial, presented to them by the Pontiff. Outbreaks of hatred are more and more rare. The thought of Pius IX. suffices to restore them to good feeling. Pius IX., who is ever to be found where there is a question of an evil to be banished, and a good to be obtained, represents the moral principle in its most heavenly form, on the Pontifical throne; and by his means we look for its entire restoration."

When we hear that the Jews have started the inquiry (not very unlike their question in Oliver Cromwell's time) whether the reforming Pope might not be the Messiah?—since his own Christian population have applied to their new sovereign the words of the Gospel, "Fuit homo missus à Deo, cui nomen erat Johannes"—we may pardon Azeglio for welcoming in him, not only the political regenerator of his country, but "the real Apostle of religious truth."—*Edinburgh Review*.

Translated for the Daguerreotype.

NAPOLEON'S BLOCKADE OF THE CONTINENT.

Every one is acquainted with the political design which induced Napoleon to organize the Continental Prohibition System. Foiled in his attempt to effect a landing upon the shores of England, compelled to be unceasingly combating the enemies which the cabinet of St. James's was as unceasingly raising up against him, the emperor in his fury hurled forth the celebrated decrees of Milan and Berlin, which were intended to destroy the industry and the commerce of

the English nation, and thus to wound it in its tenderest point.

The history of this prohibition is but little known. The measures which were taken, the sufferings which were the consequence, and which fell rather upon the continent than upon the enemy whom they were intended to reach, the exertions which were made by commerce to evade the will of the powerful emperor, all these details have remained in the dark. The episode

which is here communicated will raise at least a corner of the veil.

The harbors of the continent were closed to all foreign ships. Thus the articles of commerce which Europe did not produce, and those which England alone at that time was able to manufacture, became so scarce, and so dear, that only the richest persons could afford to use them, and trade in general was paralyzed. The press was not free, and could not narrate the sufferings of the people, or proclaim the extent of their privations. It would be difficult to form an idea of the severity with which contraventions of the custom-house laws were punished; and the punishments fell not only upon the defrauders, but upon all who were justly or unjustly suspected of deriving any profit from the fraud. The prohibition system was organized with unparalleled skill and severity; and the chiefs of this branch of the administrative system made good use of their extraordinary privileges.

All the coasts were strictly watched; and no one could approach within five leagues of them without being rigorously examined, and subjected to punishment, if he could not satisfactorily explain the business which took him from his home. Gensd'armes and police officers supported the custom-house officers, and the whole French dominions, notwithstanding their extraordinary extent, were surrounded with a triple wall of iron.

England sought relief by attempting to introduce her goods at points which had not been thought of, and in spite of all the attendant dangers, a smuggling trade was carried on. Most of these enterprises failed, but the following was an exception, and we will allow the actor to narrate it in his own words.

I had been placed in a distinguished mercantile house by my father, and had made myself so useful to my employers, that, at the age of twenty-six, I was a confidential clerk, when, in 1808, the celebrated decrees of Milan and Berlin were promulgated. We had on hand some goods which quickly found a sale, but there was no possibility of replacing them. Merchants and clerks folded their arms, and patiently waited. We passed the time in reading novels, good, bad, and indifferent. Days, weeks, and months passed, and still we waited. But what were we waiting for? No one could tell.

In February, 1809, we read in the newspapers that an English ship, which had been seized by privateers, was to be sold at Cherbourg. The cargo consisted of goods, which, for a long time, had been wanting. My employers resolved to send me to the sale. They gave me instructions, and a letter of credit for a hundred thousand francs. I joyfully quitted my desk, and

my novels, and soon found myself in Paris. Here I remained a short time to rest from my journey, and was so fortunate as to meet with an old school companion, who, mysteriously, whispered into my ear that the English were establishing a depot on the island of Helgoland, and that a small vessel had already landed a cargo upon the coast of East-Friesland. At first I did not pay much attention to this important communication, but mounted the diligence, and was soon on my way to Cherbourg.

But scarcely had I left Paris behind me, when the shaking of the carriage produced an effect upon my imagination, and my thoughts flew away to East-Friesland, and the rocks of Helgoland. What a fool I am, said I to myself; I am on my way to Cherbourg to buy English goods at ten times their value. I can surely do better; the desire of gain is so great that it must be possible to introduce these goods into France, if they have to be sent round by the Baltic, or even by the Sea of Marmora. I will go to London, and buy there, and then I will find some gap in the living fence of custom-house officers. But what will my employers say? If I succeed, I shall be pardoned; if I fail, — but I shall not fail.

We arrived in Cherbourg, and I took no pains to outbid the numerous purchasers, who had arrived from every quarter, in order to pounce, like birds of prey, upon the cargo of this unfortunate English ship. Each of them obtained so little, that I gave no credit to the proverb, "a bird in the hand is worth two on the bush," and returned to Paris.

My first difficulty was to obtain from our correspondents the hundred thousand francs, which had been assigned to me solely for purchases in Cherbourg. By means of a trifling falsehood, and sufficient presence of mind, I succeeded in obtaining from them a letter of credit to the same amount upon Holland, together with letters of introduction.

I arrived in Rotterdam, and visited a respectable merchant to whom one of my letters was addressed. He received me kindly, and I ventured to communicate to him my plan. He endeavoured to persuade me of its foolhardiness, but I persisted, and he bade me come to him again on the next day.

On the following morning I was by times at his door, and he led me into his private room. He asked me again, whether I had reflected upon all the perils of my undertaking, and upon the consequences to myself, if, as was most probable, I failed to elude the vigilance of the innumerable ministers of the imperial decrees. I replied, that I well knew that I should forfeit my liberty, and perhaps my life; but that I had re-

solved to go to England, and that I would keep to my resolution. He still attempted to dissuade me; told me that Holland was more strictly watched than any other part of the continent, because it was known that its commercial interests were going to ruin, that numerous attempts had already been made, and that the Fort of Enkhuysen alone contained two hundred and fifty prisoners, who had failed in similar undertakings. He then, with tears in his eyes, implored me to abandon my design; but upon my declaring my resolution unalterable, he suddenly assumed his dry business tone, and said: "Well, then, you will depart this evening. A fisherman, whom I well know, will take you and two Englishmen, with whom you will become acquainted on board, to Harwich. He is a simple, ignorant man, and his boat is in a bad condition; but both these circumstances will serve to allay suspicion. You will pay eighty guineas for your passage, every thing included. Be at the door of your inn at six o'clock this evening, with only a carpet-bag. A cabriolet with a black horse, driven by a stout man, will stop before you; take your seat by his side, and do not trouble yourself any further."

I pressed his hand and left him. A few minutes before six o'clock, I went to my post, and saw a cabriolet approaching; a black horse, a large stout man; I got in, and we drove off at a rapid pace, which soon brought us into the open country. I addressed my companion, but he seemed not to understand me; after a while I spoke to him in German; still no answer. It was so fated, and I wisely determined to await the result.

Evening came, and then a pitch dark night; we continued to drive at the same pace along a narrow lonely road, and it appeared to me that we were purposely taking a circuitous route. At last we came to some cross roads, where two ill-looking men were waiting. My driver jumped from his seat, exchanged a few words with the strangers, gave them my carpet-bag, and then told me in very good French, "follow those men."

My guides began their march; but they were as uncommunicative as the driver. We walked over large wet meadows, and then over interminable raised causeways, and then again over meadows. At last, after walking an hour and a half we came again to cross roads, where two other men were waiting. My guides banded over to these my luggage, and addressed me in Dutch, "pay, Sir, pay." I had but little cash about me, but I was compelled to pay them very handsomely, although I had imagined that eighty guineas was to include every expense; and we again set forward. Our path led once more over

wet meadows, and interminable causeways, until at the end of two hours we met two individuals who were evidently waiting for us; and once more I had to pay a large sum to those who had completed their task. I became convinced that I had fallen into the hands of accomplished thieves, who were determined to plunder me of all my money; I fancied that I recognized spots which we had already passed, and that they were leading me up and down all night, in order to rob me. I, therefore, concealed all that I had left, and when we reached the next halting-place, and they came to me with the usual "pay, pay," I turned my pockets inside out, and told them in French, German, and English, that I had no money. I then took my carpet-bag from them, and sat down upon it. A quarter of an hour passed, and though I knew that all my plans would fail if they abandoned me, I remained firm. At last the two guides went away, and the one who had come to relieve them nodded to me to follow him. After walking half an hour we discovered with the first dawn of day, a hut built upon a sand-bank near the mouth of the Maas; my guide gave me to understand that I was to enter, and immediately disappeared.

I was exhausted with cold, fatigue, and hunger; but I stepped gaily into the hut, which was not very encouraging in its appearance. It was full of boards and nets. A man who was lying upon the nets got up and lighted a fire; he then told me to lie down and sleep, and that the boat would in the morning come down the stream, and take us on board. The "us" reminded me of my companions, one of whom I found to be a Portuguese, who had been consular agent at Antwerp, and the other a young man of twenty years of age, a native of Demerara, who had been sent to Holland eight years before for his education, and was anxious to return home. They had both been lying concealed in this hut during five long days, and had been living on the provisions which they had brought with them. I was obliged to do the same, although I had only provided myself with enough for a passage of thirty hours; the nets served as our beds. We had to wait three days longer for the boat, and when we were at last on board, we literally danced for joy. This, however, was not of long continuance, for we soon struck upon a sand-bank, and were obliged to wait for the rising of the tide. But this was the cause of a yet greater disaster; the captain's passport was valid only for a certain number of hours, and if he did not return before its expiration, his boat would be confiscated, and himself thrown into prison. He refused, therefore, to proceed, until he had returned to a village and obtained new papers; during the whole day I was obliged to lay con-

pursued my operations. I became a travelling dealer in watches, and obtained a supply of these articles, which I was constantly offering for sale.

I made the small town of Meppen my head quarters; and as I found it impossible to obtain correct information concerning the line of custom-house officers which was said to enclose Holland, Oldenburg, and East-Friesland, I was obliged to reconnoitre myself; I ascertained that it was worth while to make a first attempt to smuggle in a cargo. It succeeded; it could not but succeed, because the officers were not yet sufficiently well acquainted with the locality. From that time companies were formed, which for a certain per-centage insured the safe passage of the goods; sometimes I resorted to them, but more frequently I tried my own luck.

During the next three months I led the most adventurous and most exciting life, which can well be imagined. I passed the greater part of this time on horseback; I had constantly to watch for the arrival of the goods, and hold them in readiness; to reconnoitre incessantly the line of officers, in order to spy out the weak or insufficiently guarded posts; to make the personal acquaintance of the commanders; to organize the most various methods of passing the goods, and everywhere to be present in person, in order to superintend and, in case of need, lend assistance.

At first we could only conduct our operations on a small scale; there were individuals enough who for money would aid our undertakings, but fear counteracted their good will. Afterwards we had greater facilities, because it became evident that the local authorities favored us, and were resolved to shut their eyes to our enterprises. This kind of politeness extended even to the family of the emperor. The king of Westphalia, in whose territories we frequently took refuge, was highly offended, as we afterwards learned, that his brother had drawn the custom-house line through his kingdom, without even informing him of his intention. He sent a number of couriers to Napoleon, who was then in Austria, and during the whole time of this correspondence the French officers were thrown upon their own resources, and received not the slightest aid from the local authorities. We did not know the cause of this misunderstanding, but we suspected its existence, and employed it for our advantage. But few nights passed in which one or two caravans of from fifty to two hundred waggons did not try their luck. A few shots were exchanged; a few victims fell: but they were very few, and the whole country knew nothing of it.

As a specimen of the manner in which these

things were managed, I will narrate two of the many adventures in which I was engaged. The first occurred about three months after my arrival. I had a short interview with a sergeant of custom-house officers, who commanded a post of five men, and who had given me to understand, that if he was well paid, he would omit his rounds for the whole night. It was arranged that, for a consideration of sixteen Louis d'ors, he was to come with his men to my rooms at seven o'clock in the evening; in the morning I was to dismiss them, and pay them three hundred and twenty francs. From that moment I did not lose him out of my sight. I sent off my expresses and ordered the goods to be dispatched. At seven o'clock my guests came; I took their arms and laid them in a corner; I placed myself in front of them, and with a very long table constructed a rampart which extended diagonally across the room. On the other side of this rampart I seated my friends at a smaller table covered with wine, meat, tobacco, cards, and every thing they could desire. I barred the shutters, locked the door, and now sat down with two pairs of loaded pistols lying on each side of me. To do them justice, they played their parts well; they ate, drank, smoked and gambled the whole night through; the atmosphere of the room was becoming every moment more insupportable, and I was heartily rejoiced when at three o'clock in the morning a knock at the window shutter informed me that the enterprise had succeeded and that I could set my prisoners at liberty. But I retained such a disagreeable recollection of that night that I never renewed this attempt, and preferred to exchange a few shots, and force the enemy's line.

The second adventure was as follows. The officers had obtained information of the equipment of a large train of about three hundred waggons, and had concentrated their forces at a bridge which it was necessary for us to cross, and we suddenly came upon a body of fifty-three men. A halt was cried, and the three hundred waggons stopped. We began to negotiate; we first offered two hundred Louis d'ors for a passage, and advanced as far as two thousand eight hundred; but all our offers were rejected. Positive orders had been given to take away our goods, at whatever cost. Luckily the execution of this order was not very easy, and we were not disposed to give up without a struggle, goods that were worth a million and a half of francs. We negotiated however, in order to gain time, for as the waggons, and the men who accompanied them, were extended over a line of three quarters of a league, it was important that we should have time to assemble in the van of our train. An old soldier took the command,

cealed under a pile of nets, and heard the conversation of the officers who came to examine the boat, and even commenced to remove the nets. Luckily it was too laborious a job for them, and they abandoned it. We again weighed anchor, but our passage lasted seven days, and we were obliged to partake of the coarse food, principally oatmeal porridge, of the boat's crew. At last we reached Harwich, and a circumstance which occurred at our landing will show how strictly the ports of the continent were blockaded. We were immediately addressed by the agents of the London press, and the Portuguese, who found a fragment of a newspaper more than three weeks old, in the corner of one of his pockets, readily disposed of it for sufficient gold to defray the expenses of his journey to London.

Upon arriving in the capital I immediately applied myself to business. I made enquiries respecting the undertaking in Helgoland, but during the first fortnight they were entirely fruitless. None of the merchants were acquainted with any means of introducing goods into the continent. At last I discovered the broker who had fitted out the first vessel for Helgoland, and who was now preparing a second to follow it. I made purchases with the money at my disposal, and sent off the goods as fast as I could. The mystery which had enveloped the affair had now disappeared, and every one tried to have a share in the undertaking; there were every day opportunities for sending goods to Helgoland. I had just learned the arrival of all I had dispatched, and was about to follow them to Helgoland, when England suddenly laid an embargo upon all her ports. The government was preparing the expedition against Walcheren, which was to be kept a profound secret. During six weeks not a vessel could weigh anchor, not a letter could be received or sent. At last the embargo was taken off, and letters arrived; matters had in the mean while been progressing, a mode of entrance into East-Friesland had been found; my first two cargoes were already on the continent, and all seemed to be going well. But suddenly the news reached us that six thousand French custom-house officers had left the banks of the Rhine, in order to form a belt from Dusseldorf to Lübeck, which would thus enclose the country into which the goods had just been introduced. In the midst of his military operations, just before the battle of Wagram, the emperor had issued the order which had overthrown all our plans. No time was to be lost, and I sailed in an English packet-boat to Helgoland. In sixty hours we reached the rock upon which was established the sole communication between the commerce of England and the continent.

Helgoland, inhabited by about thirty families of fishermen, had for a long time belonged to the Danes. The English had during the last war seized upon this island, in order to open a communication for their commerce with the north of Germany. It was now surrounded by vessels, and loaded with merchandise. Every thing was to be found there, except lodgings and food. There was in the whole island but one public house, with two beds, and there were no means at hand for supplying with food the whole population which had suddenly been collected. One could not obtain for sixty francs what in Paris would not have cost forty sous. With many others I passed the night on the light-house, where, in spite of cloaks, the cold was intolerable.

In a small Helgoland sloop I took my passage for Wangeroge, a sandy island which lies near the coast of East-Friesland. It is separated from the main land by a narrow channel, which it was necessary to cross. I engaged the services of a guide, and as it was low tide and calm weather, the water scarcely reached above my knees. My guide informed me that the owner of the first house which I should come to, before reaching the village, was an honest man, upon whom I could safely rely. I entered it and asked for something to eat; while I was eating a pancake I enquired of the man, whether there was any means of going to Aurich, which was at a distance of four leagues. He answered, "we will see." I then asked him what I was to pay for my pancake; — "two Louis d'ors;" — "two Louis d'ors? that is dear;" "do you think so? well, let the French commissary decide;" — "No, I believe you," and I produced the two pieces of gold. "Good," replied my host, "you are a sensible man, and I will drive you to Aurich myself." He accordingly harnessed a handsome horse to an open waggon, and laid some straw and a calf in the back part of it, dressed me in an old frieze coat, and exchanged my small English hat for an old beaver with a broad brim; I took my seat, and we drove off through the village. In a few minutes we had left commissaries, gendarmes, and custom-house officers behind us. Before night-fall we reached Aurich, and my driver to my great surprise demanded a very moderate sum for his services.

Thus I had safely penetrated through the midst of the guardians of the coast; I travelled to Emden, where I had correspondents, and obtained, for gold, a passport in a false name, which from that time I assumed. I took a second name for my English correspondence, and a third for that with my employers. I also appeared to engage in a trade under color of which I

before us, with the sea, glancing in the sunlight, at their feet — and away in the distance the long and magnificent range of the Carlingford hills, standing out against the clear and cloudless sky, with summits rugged as if hewn out of iron. The pervading characteristic of "The Albany" is an air of dreamy repose — no noise is heard, save the echo of our footfall as we pass. And then the associations that are connected with that name — the luxurious abode of the votaries of fashion — the calm retreat of the poet and the scholar — the home of the practical man of routine and detail — the member of parliament, familiar with blue-books, sedulous on committees — the creature

"Of this busy work-day world."

But let the author describe the local habitation of his bachelor; he can do it with a pen more terse and graphic than that with which we write: —

"You know the Albany, the haunt of bachelors — or of married men who try to lead bachelors' lives — the dread of suspicious wives — the retreat of superannuated fops — the hospital for amiable oddities — a cluster of solitudes for social hermits — the home of homeless gentlemen — the diner-out and the diner-in — the place for unfashionably thrifty, the luxurious lively, and the modish morose — the votaries of melancholy and lovers of mutton-chops. He moveth not within London, who is a stranger to the narrow arcade of chambers, guarded at each extremity by a fierce porter, or man-mastiff, whose duty it is to receive letters, cards, and pacify and repulse intrusive wives, disagreeable fathers, and importunate tradesmen. Here it was that Mr. Barker had long established his residence, or as Mr. Spread called it, his tub. It was a small, but complete suite of rooms, sufficient for the cynic himself, and Reynolds his man, and arranged and furnished with a precision and taste rigidly baccalaurean."

With this famous region, however, the story has little or nothing to do — the author merely uses it as a sort of lever to raise the attention of the public — a peg whereupon to hang his bachelor — whom, having extracted from his comfortable apartments, he casts abroad, literally as well as figuratively, upon the waters, where we shall find him anon. The Mr. Spread — who in the opening chapters is introduced as a visitor to the cynic's tub — is the senior partner of an ancient and respectable firm in Liverpool, of Spread, Narrowsmith and Co. "He was one of the freshest and handsomest men of fifty in England." With aquiline nose, "triple chin," a merry and benignant eye — the senior partner is presented to our notice, the very *beau ideal* of the class to which he belonged — a perfect spec-

imen of the English merchant prince — a sort of concentrated essence formed by both the Brothers Cheeryble being pounded into one, and all their good qualities distilled for the occasion. He is a gentleman, too, of the old school — a character now so rapidly becoming extinct; his manners slightly formal — "Grandisonian and Sir Rogerish" — but not sufficiently so to counteract the benignant smile that played about the corners of his mouth, and the good-humored glance of his eye. In person he was voluminous — in dress quaint but neat; not a "magnus tumor," or great swell, as was in our schoolboy days the term applied to describe an exquisite — but preferring the orthodox morning coat of other days, to the frock of the present age, of a hue which the author has forgotten to mention, but which we feel must have been of an olive-brown, with perhaps a velvet collar to match. Mr. Spread always wore a white cravat, a ponderous double eyeglass, suspended by an egregious gold chain, and carried his watch in his breeches-pocket. Shall we add, that the riband thereof was red, and the seals pendent therefrom of massive, chased gold, much worn by frequent friction and pulling out, to ascertain if it was time to go home to dinner. And now the portrait of the outward man at least is complete. Mr. Spread, though rich, was not wholly absorbed in the acquisition of wealth — he never shrank from any of the responsibilities of life. An elector and a juror — the executor of all his friends who died — the guardian of their children — the trustee in their marriage settlements — a magistrate to boot, and, we feel assured,

"The wisest justice by the banks of Trent."

This trouble he would incur from no meddling spirit, nor from the desire to attain consequence by having a finger in every one's pie — but solely from the kindness and benevolence of his nature.

Besides all this "he was the model of a man of business; activity without bustle, despatch without hurry, form without punctilio, order without rigidness, dexterity without craft, and vigilance without suspicion. Business inundated without overwhelming him, and care neither corroded his mind, nor sat upon his brow." But this picture, admirably as it is drawn, and with so just a discrimination of character, fades into nothing when placed by the side of that of Mrs. Spread, the partner of his fortunes. We cannot bear to disarrange a sentence, or to mar the effect by any comment of our own. Perfect in all its parts, we shall present it to the notice of our readers — as pure and graphic a portrait of an English matron as ever dawned upon their delighted eyes: —

and manœuvred so well that suddenly the fifty-three custom-house officers were surrounded by a body of four hundred armed men. We now assumed a different tone; we declared that we would give an account of ourselves to the authorities of Osnaburgh, and ordered the train to advance. The officers saw that it was useless to resist, and accompanied us. We reached Osnaburgh, and the waggons dispersed in the streets of the town. In our escort there was a company of the civic guard in plain clothes. These details may give some idea of the state of public opinion, and the disposition of the authorities.

My companions were all merchants who either were the owners of English goods, or like myself were responsible for them. The greater part of them were young and resolute; we lived chiefly on horseback, and were often obliged to pass many days amidst barren heaths and morasses; we ate and drank, and laughed and played at cards. Our enterprises brought such enormous profits, and money was so plentiful, that it can scarcely be said to have had any value for us. I remember one night being on guard with a Hanoverian at the entrance to a morass, and refusing to sell him my overcoat for fifty Louis d'ors, although it had cost only five and twenty francs. During our stay in Meppen, the poorest and most destitute town in the north of Germany, we took it into our heads to give a ball; we had to send a hundred miles to Hamburg and Bremen for all that we required: but we accomplished it, and our ball was splendid. Every thing spoke of wealth and extravagance; elegant decorations, brilliant illumination, a magnificent supper, abundance of dancers, and lovely amiable ladies. The lavish expenditure of

money had produced in Meppen one of the wonders of the "Thousand and one Nights."

Sometimes the custom-house officers took away goods, which were then sent to Hamburg, where they were sold by Mr. de Bourrienne. These goods would then be taken into France, as they were accompanied by certificates. Some of these certificates were offered to me, but I thought them so dear that I did not even read them. When I afterwards visited Strassburg I found out the mistake which I had made. Mr. de Bourrienne fancied that all bales and chests of coffee or cotton were of the same size, and only wrote on his certificates, "fifteen bales," or "five and twenty chests." As soon as this loophole was discovered, a manufactory of the largest chests, bales, and casks which could possibly be constructed was established at Offenburg, which lies opposite to Strassburg, on the right bank of the Rhine.

These details show that Napoleon, with the greatest power which mortal could possibly have at his command, was unable to interrupt the natural order of things. His blockade of the continent was strict, but he never succeeded in making it perfect, and he never could have succeeded. The stricter it was made, the more did necessity unite heads and hands to offer resistance to the oppression. It will be a long time before there again appears upon the stage of the world a man with a will and a power like those of the emperor. But we believe that even if these two elements should again be united in one person, the idea of such an extended prohibitive system will, after the experience of this generation, never again revive, and, should it revive, it will never be successful. — *Miscellen.*

THE BACHELOR OF THE ALBANY.*

It was a piece of advice once given to us by a gentleman distinguished by his skill in the manufacture of works of fiction, "You cannot possibly be too careful in the selection of a title for your book, which will attract public attention;" and for the attainment of this object we can scarcely conceive a name more felicitously chosen, than that which decorates the title-page of the work before us. Who does not know that charmed region — the long, low-arched lane, bounded at one end by the street

"Where peccadilloes are unknown,"

* 'The Bachelor of the Albany,' by the Author of 'The Falcon Family.' — London: Chapman & Hall. 1847.

and guarded at either extremity by a cerberus in blue coat and gold-headed cane, remarkable for the stateliness of his carriage, and the solemnity of his deportment. Although situate in the very centre of the roaring tide of London life — though the noisy 'bus ever and anon lumbers by its portal, and the flashing chariot, and the well-hung cab, in quick succession roll past, yet on gaining the interior of the huge portal which protects the entrance, in a moment the noise is hushed — one could almost imagine one's-self in the sweet seclusion where we now write, with our window opening upon a green lawn, which slopes down to a stream, whose voice attests how sweet is the noise of falling waters — the green mountains of beautiful Rostrevor rising right

"In the foreground stands the tall, comely figure of the mother of the family. Her cheek still blooms, though her summer is nearly over; her form tends to luxuriance; her features are radiant with intelligence and benignity; her hair is fair and abundant; her eye mild and gray; her voice soft and distinct —

'That excellent thing in woman;'

her mien dignified; her deportment quiet. She looks as if she loved books, music, pictures, flowers; her tastes are obviously healthy and elegant; her mind pure and strong; her heart full of all the womanly affections — one of those rare prizes in the matrimonial lottery, not always drawn by men who deserve them as well as Mr. Spread did."

Now, reader, are you not charmed? — are you not enchanted to have made the acquaintance of so rare a creature as this? Of course you are; and of an equal certainty you should like to see her daughters. The eldest is Augusta — like what her mother had been when a girl — with hair, perhaps, a little darker; the youngest Elizabeth — not so tall; a dark-eyed beauty; studious, but not blue; silent and thoughtful; pale, but not of the headachy complexion which distinguishes the lady of the Puritan or Evangelical school who frequents conventicles, and has strong sectarian opinions; but mild and gentle — the very girl for our money; dreaming over the learning of the Tractarians, with a tendency to painted windows, and a love of the dim religious light of ancient cathedrals; but we fear there is little chance for us, for Elizabeth is affianced to a fellow of Baliol, and a minor canon of Salisbury — the Reverend Bat. Owlet — an eccentric parson of rare learning, bent upon reviving the mystery plays, and most anxious to convert his cathedral into a theatre, by a representation of the miracle play of 'Balaam,' the *corps dramatique* being "several egregious clerks of Oxford, and two or three laymen of the Coningsby school," of whom Lord John Gore, with whom, under another title, our readers are, of course, familiar, has undertaken to perform the part of the quadruped. And here we may as well observe, that it seems part of the purpose of the author in this work to laugh down those opinions which he has so vigorously assailed in the 'Falcon Family;' and certainly, if shrewd perception of the ridiculous, and the art of putting forward his points with the most comic power, could effect the object he has in view, he deserves complete success. Although it is true that

"Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away,"

yet in these times will be required something more than the shafts of wit to annihilate a school

which, however vulnerable in certain points, unquestionably contains much rare learning and acquirement. The main design of the book, however, is to show that no man has any right to claim an exemption from the cares and responsibilities of the busy world — that we are all bound alike to bear the yoke of fate, and that he who thinks to lead a retired and selfish existence, beholding, from his own warm corner, the battle and the storms of life, is only sowing up for himself a crop of misfortune, of which he must some day, sooner or later, reap the fruits. This is the moral of the tale; and it is a sound and healthy one. Why should a man of some fifteen hundreds per annum, like the bachelor of the Albany, be allowed to rest within his "tub?" Why should he not bear his share of the lot common to all? True, the evil day will come at last, and that in itself is a heavy retribution. When deserted at his sorest need, in the winter of his life, by those rollicking companions who helped to enliven its summer — when health is gone — when the pleasures or the dissipations of the world have palled upon his jaded senses — when the joys that riches can afford have made unto themselves wings — then it is that he who has shut himself up from the ties of life — who has given "no hostages to fortune" — feels, when it is too late, the miserable effects of his selfish career, and dies at last a fretful, querulous, bilious, dyspeptic, and rheumatic old bachelor, who might have lived a healthful and vigorous man, braced by the daily exercise of the duties of life, and died, when his hour was come, at a ripe old age, his pillow cheered by the smiles and soothed by the hand of affection — with his children and his children's children's faces around his bed.

There will be, it is said, a deficiency in the quarter's income. What would the premier think of providing against the recurrence of any similar contingency, by laying a heavy tax upon rich old bachelors — the Scrooges and the Barkers of life. We think the expedient would be a *capital* one. We meant not to pun; the word dropped unconsciously from our pen. It would, at all events, be most popular with the gentler sex; and a tribute only due to them by that government which once owed its existence to their mysterious influence.

Let us glance at the bachelor of the Albany on that eventful morning, which was destined to exercise so important an influence upon the current of his after-life, when the worthy merchant called at his chambers, in order to invite him to spend the Christmas holidays at his hospitable mansion in Liverpool: —

"Mr. Barker issues forth, a small, well-made

man, with a most compact figure, excessively erect; his action somewhat martial; his eye gray, cold, critical, and contemplative; a mouth small and sarcastic; a nose long and vulpine; complexion a pale dry red; hair stiff and silvery, and evidently under the severest discipline to which brush and comb could subject it, with a view to its impartial distribution on each side of a head, which was carried so high and with such an air, that it was clear the organs of firmness, combativeness, and self-esteem were superbly developed. With the exception of a plain but rich *robe de chambre*, his morning's toilette was complete. Trowsers of shepherds' plaid, seemingly made by a military tailor, and tightly strapped down over a pair of manifest Hoby's; a double breasted cashmere waistcoat, of what mercers call the shawl pattern; the shirt collar severely starched, and a little too exalted above a cravat of dark blue silk, carefully folded, and tied with a simple but a quaint knot."

Such is the bachelor of the Albany, whom Mr. Spread succeeds in luring forth from his den, to be exposed to the sunshine of the eyes of beauty, and eventually to fall a victim to a certain Miss Laura Smyly. The usual argument takes place between the bachelor and the merchant, upon what the latter calls the no-responsibility system; in which, after trying to convince him that it is incumbent upon him to alter his mode of life, leave the Albany, and give hostages to the state, the honest man fortells that the bachelor will live to acknowledge the truth of his opinions, and winds up with that admirable sentiment—the fruit of his twenty years' experience—that

"One love is worth a thousand friendships."

The author of 'The Falcon Family' is always particularly felicitous in his dialogues; to which he imparts a brilliancy and vivacity most piquant and agreeable. He makes his points well and at proper intervals; and although we occasionally discover in his pages a thought which we think is not quite strange to us: as, for example, with reference to the vast pie at the merchant's breakfast, which Spread ate "festively," Barker "critically," Philip Spread "transcendently," and the Reverend Bat. Owlet "mediævally;" or, in regard of the Smyly girls, whom Master Philip was perpetually mistaking one for the other—"they being as like as two pins, particularly Laura;" which reminds us of an anecdote, related of a certain planter, who possessed two negroes, named Cæsar and Pompey, and was always confounding one with the other, asserting as an excuse that they bore a wonderful resemblance, "specially Pompey."

There is a strong contrast between the senior partner of the firm we have already mentioned, and his junior, Mr. Narrowsmith, who is an ad-

mirable specimen of the griping, avaricious class to which he belongs, and from whose worthy lady—"in the midst of the social comforts of Mr. Spread's drawing-room, where the windows are closely curtained, the eye comforted with new colors, the ear gladdened with social sounds, a triumphant fire on the hearth, and a meadowy carpet on the floor"—a note arrives, "in a showy blue envelope, smelling strongly of musk, with a seal of pink wax, bearing the sentimental and original device of Cupid shooting at a heart." It was an invitation.

"The Narrowsmiths," said Mrs. Spread, with the gesture of a person suffering from intense cold, and dropping the note on the sofa as she might have dropped a lump of ice or a cold pebble.

"Dinner?" said her husband, also seized with a shuddering.

"Worse," said the lady.

"Worse!" repeated Spread, as if he could imagine nothing worse than a dinner at the Narrowsmiths.

"A house-warming! New-year's day!"

"House-warming!" cried the father of the family.

"House-warming!" repeated the daughters.

"A house-warming at the Narrowsmiths!" exclaimed Philip. "Of all kinds of entertainments, imagine the Narrowsmiths, who know less about califactory arrangements and thermal comforts than any family in England——"

"Mr. Spread drew his chair close to his fair wife, and they talked apart on the subject of the menaced hospitality.

"We won't go, of course," said the wife suppliantly.

"I fear we must," said the husband. "Remember, my love, we declined their invitation at Michaelmas."

"We shall get our death of cold," said Mrs. Spread.

"We'll muffle well, my dear; particularly as it's a house-warming," he added, his eye twinkling with humor.

"Muffle," repeated his wife, as if she thought that all the muffling in the house would not be enough for a dinner with her husband's partner in the month of January.

"Well, my dear, we have till morning to consider the question. I grant you it is a serious one—a very serious question. But now for our whist."

After much discussion, and many arguments used upon either side, it is finally settled that the Spreads dine with the Narrowsmiths, to whom we must now introduce our readers. The picture of this amiable and accomplished family is finished by the hand of a master; and there is no better scene to be found within the pages of the book before us than the anxious consultation which took place within the mansion of the junior partner, upon the subject of the "impending festivities." And, first, let us present Mr.

without champagne and napkins. You can't be so infatuated, Mrs. Narrowsmith, as to think of giving champagne ?

"The miser crossed his legs, twirled his thumbs, and looked very serious and miserable ; thinking of his partner's dinners, and what was likely to be expected from a man worth a hundred thousand pounds. Then Mr. Craken-thorpe was a railway prince, and General Guy Dickens was a great railway man, too, and a sort of a nabob into the bargain. Isaac Narrowsmith was actually so infatuated as to be thinking of giving champagne, with some little fluctuation in his mind as to the question whether his champagne should be French or British. Conscience and vanity pronounced for the foreign article — avarice and meanness for the home produce.

"Well," said the female screw, divining the cogitations of her spouse as perfectly as if her soul was a portion of his, 'I always leave the wine to you, only tell me if you make up your mind to have champagne, that I may borrow Doctor Prout's glasses' — a bit of forecast on the part of the fair speaker, from which the reader will infer that Doctor Prout's table was not the most celebrated in Liverpool for the jovial size of his goblets.

"Borrow them," said Mr. Narrowsmith, with admirable economy of words, conveying both his determination to produce the sparkling wine, and his concurrence in his wife's plan for restricting the consumption of it within the closest possible limits.

"I positively won't have napkins, then," said Mrs. Narrowsmith, her frugal mind jumping as nimbly as her husband's, from one sordid speculation to another.

"It was tea-time within the genial mansion of the Narrowsmith's, and the fair proprietress thereof had just finished her second cup, when two notes were handed her by a not over-clean or well-appointed lad, intended to enact a page, as appeared from the multitude of tarnished buttons on his jacket — a jacket that was manifestly a resurrection in the jacket from off one of the oldest of his master's old coats. The notes were presented on a salver made of one of those wonderful metals which the public is assured by the patentees, is not only a perfect substitute for silver, but more genuine than silver itself.

"Every thing in the Narrowsmith's house was either second-hand or spurious imitations, substitutes, things 'as good as new,' wonderful bargains, delft not to be distinguished from china, tallow candles superior to wax, cottons equal to silks, 'old lamps for new,' German silver, and Albata plate.

"One of the notes was from the Spreads — with what reluctance was that note written ! The second no sooner was opened than it produced a sensation almost electric. It came from the family who had been so cunningly invited to dinner, because it was believed they had accepted a previous invitation. The biters were bitten ! The Marables were coming — all the Marables : Mr. and Mrs. Marable, Miss Mara-

ble, Miss Lucy Marable, Master Frederick Marable — innumerable Marables. It was all a mistake about their engagement at Birkenhead. The miser looked tragically comical — his lady looked comically tragic ; and as to Maria Theresa, notwithstanding her imperial name, she narrowly escaped having her ears boxed by her mild mamma, who, excited by the spirit of parsimony, was much more like Xantippe than her husband was like Socrates.

"Mrs. Narrowsmith said that it was 'a nice to do.' Mr. Narrowsmith observed, in equally classic phraseology, that it was 'a pretty kettle-of-fish.' The mother said that the daughter was a careless slut ; and she could hardly have chosen an adjective, and substantive, more happily describing that young lady had she been profuse in rhetoric in the college of Billingsgate.

"The miser, as became his sex, was the first to recover his confidence.

"It can't be helped," he said, philosophically ; 'we must only make the best of it.'

"And after all," said Maria Theresa, regaining confidence, 'a dinner for twelve is a dinner for twenty — indeed, mother, I have heard you say so twenty times.'

"And in truth this was a doctrine which Mrs. Narrowsmith frequently not only brouched, but acted on in her hospitable dispensations.

"We shall have twenty, if all come," said the merchant, lugubriously.

"James, remove the tea-things," said Mrs. Narrowsmith, with asperity ; 'put that cold muffin carefully by ; take care of the tea-things. Maria, go and look after the napkins ; don't leave out more than will be absolutely necessary — eighteen will do. Wait till I give a dinner and ball again. What are you looking at, Mr. Narrowsmith ? — do you see any thing on the floor ?'

"The merchant had just fixed his little keen eyes upon a small shining object at some distance from him, just where the tortured Kidderminster refused to go any further. Mrs. Narrowsmith directed her tolerably acute visual organs to the same point ; but Maria Theresa, who was on the point of crossing the room to execute the commission respecting the napkins, not only discovered what the object was, but picked it up, proclaiming the important fact that it was a silver fourpence. Who could have dropped it there — who could have been so profligately careless of their money ? The Narrowsmiths disclaimed the ownership of the glittering fourpence, all of them ; yet Mr. Narrowsmith made no scruple of seizing it to his own uses, and depositing it in his own pocket, observing to his wife as he did so —

"How providential that I saw it."

We are strongly tempted to give the dinner-scene at the Narrowsmiths, which is full of point and cleverness ; but were we to go on extracting at this rate, we should only mar the pleasure which our readers must enjoy when they become possessors of a work containing so much keen

Isaac Narrowsmith. He was a small mean man, dressed in seedy black, with vulgar arithmetic in every line of his pinched and sallow features — little sharp suspicious eyes, and nose not worth talking about; he was a merchant plebeian, not a merchant prince; he had the facilities for acquiring wealth, without the talents or the virtues to enjoy it. He was as narrow-souled as he was narrow-chested; efficient in his counting-house, out of it nobody. With books he was totally unacquainted, save the waste-book, the day-book, and the ledger. As to the arts, he was only versed in the mean ones; and the only science he had ever studied was that false arithmetic which makes men penny wise and pound foolish. Narrowsmith was a man of illiberal opinions, whom circumstances attached to the liberal party. He voted with the Whigs, but the Whigs could well have dispensed with his ungracious and discreditable support. He was a reformer who sneered at Lord John Russel, a freetrader who made light of Mr. Cobden and Mr. Villiers — that acted all his meannesses as a private individual, and all his worthlessness as a public man. He was the darling of the lady on the wheel — she smiled on him, pampered, caressed him. The work of his shrivelled hands succeeded; all his speculations prospered. He speculated widely, and often daringly, in all manner of securities and insecurities. Always wide awake on 'Change, and never for an instant diverted from his schemes of self-aggrandizement by any consideration of humanity, or sense of moral obligation. In short, he was not much of a Christian, although he went to church; but was much of a Jew, although he did not frequent the synagogues.

There was between Mr. Narrowsmith and his amiable lady but one soul, and that of dimensions capable of being lodged within a nutshell. Mrs. Narrowsmith was tall, muscular, and harsh, with flat, square, pale, rigid, frigid features, admirably adapted for the matron of a work-house or a gaol. She was as frigid as an icicle, and as mild as a white bear after a bad day's fishing in the frozen seas. Harder, colder, and keener than her husband, in her neighbourhood the thermometer fell — "she radiated cold — and people beside her got sore throats." The only trace of beauty she had was her hair, which she spoiled by twisting up into a knot behind, secured by a comb of imitation tortoiseshell. Her attire was a very ancient black silk dress, very tight, very short — which latter peculiarity had the advantage of showing her stockings, which were of a subdued white (or "Isabella color," as the fabricators of trout flies call it), and shoes that looked as if they had been made by her husband's shoemaker.

"How many shall we have," said the miser, chafing his skinny fingers, and preparing to count the list of his company upon them. "Ourselves, two — Maria, three —"

"Maria, or more properly Maria-Theresa, was the daughter and only child of the Narrowsmiths. She was twenty then, and too much like her mother to be much of a beauty, either in person or in mind, but she was too young to affect the thermometer in the same degree; besides, she had her mother's hair; and having been then three years at a boarding-school (there she learned to thump pianos, and call it music — to bedaub paper, and call it painting in water-colors), was considered by her mother a highly accomplished young woman. Of course, she was a great, that is to say a rich match. She had not herself thought much about matrimony; but her consistent parents had been speculating for some time upon Philip Spread, as an eligible husband for her.

"Ourselves three, the Spreads five," continued the penurious merchant.

"Only four Spreads; three and four are seven," said the lady.

"Seven — the Neverouts won't."

"Of course they won't, they never dine out in winter."

"Then why did Mrs. Narrowsmith invite them? — simply because they never dined out in winter."

"What of the Marables?"

"The Marables keep New Year's Day with old Mrs. Marable, at Birkenhead. Maria ascertained it. Don't they, Maria?"

"Yes, mamma," cried Miss Narrowsmith.

"But you asked them?" continued Isaac.

"I did, of course; we were so long in their debt that I positively felt ashamed; now that the compliment's paid, there is a weight off my mind."

"Seven: George Voluble makes eight; the Crakenhorpes ten; Doctor, and Mrs. Prout, twelve. Will General Guy Dickens come? Yes, and Miss Guy Dickens; he never dines out without her, and we can't do without the general's man."

Now we may as well mention here, that the reason of the miser's hospitality to the Prouts was, that they were the fortunate possessors of a magnificent Epergne, which it was the custom of the Liverpool dinner-givers to borrow for such occasions. In such requisition was this table ornament, that the Epergne *never* dined out without the Prouts, and the Prouts *seldom* dined out without the Epergne.

"Fourteen," said Mrs. Narrowsmith, summing up; "I have been thinking it would be right to ask Mr. Spread's friend, Mr. Barker."

"Wont it do to ask him to tea. The Rev. Mr. Thynne, and Mr. Fitzroy, the commissioner, are only asked to tea. Mr. Barker is one of your London fine gentlemen, who cock up their noses at every thing, and can't dine

"The drawing-room!—a withdrawing-room would have been a better name, for there was nothing to draw any one to it, but every thing to induce people to withdraw from it. To Mrs. Spread it was bleaker than the dining-room many times. A few pompous pieces of furniture only drew attention to the shabbiness of their associates; there was not a picture or even a print upon the walls, or any thing to cover their nakedness, save a single very large looking-glass, in an ostentatious frame—a looking-glass quite out of keeping with the other details of the apartment, and which only served, in fact, to double the dreary effect of the surrounding objects. The space between the windows was occupied by tables of a whitish-grey marble; on one of these cold slabs lay one or two annuals of days gone by, probably bought at a sale for a shilling a-piece; a tawdry prayer-book, and an album in half-binding, gaudily lettered, with the name of Miss Maria Theresa, glittered and shined upon the other. The room was newly—and, if you will take Mrs. Marable's word for it, tastily—furnished; the governing tint was drab, all drab—drab walls, drab carpets, drab every thing. It made one think of the men of Pennsylvania, or the Society of Friends. Drab was Mrs. Narrowsmith's color; her very soul must have been drab; it was a cheap color, and what she called a fast color—a color too that bore dyeing and turning, and all the metamorphoses to which fancy, inspired by meanness, could subject stuffs. Pendent from the ceiling by a green cord was a system or constellation of glass prisms and sockets, capable of holding some eight or ten candles. It was dignified by the name of a chandelier, and held in such veneration by the Narrowsmiths, that it was only illuminated upon gala occasions like the present; at all other times kept as religiously sacred as the relics of Aix-la-Chapelle, or the Holy Coat of Treves. When Mrs. Spread entered the drawing-room, the superb affair had only two candles lighted. Mrs. Narrowsmith, however, ordered the page to illuminate the rest forthwith, explaining to the matrons around her that the candles were patent amandines, the advantages of which over wax were incredible, and looking when the operation of lighting was complete, as vain as the wife of a mandarin presiding at a feast of lanterns. This splendid room communicated by a folding door with another still more spacious, embellished with the same severe taste, and in an alarming state of preparation for music and dancing. Here stood Miss Maria Theresa's second-hand Broadwood (a very grand piano), bought at an auction for twenty guineas, with a pile of music-books near it, containing all the odious overtures, rascally rondos, and snobbish sonatas, composed for coarse hands and red fingers, to enchant the low countries of the musical world. However, she did not rely on her mother for her solos or her melodious powers, for a table in a corner of the same room was covered with unequivocal proofs that she could astonish the eye with colors as well as the ear with sounds. In fact Miss Narrowsmith was decidedly a magnet with

two poles, the only misfortune being that they were both repelling ones; at least they had no other effect that evening upon the young man for whom she had laid so extensive a scheme of conquest, for the conduct of Philip annoyed all the Narrowsmiths' evening. He never vouchsafed a glance at Maria's paintings, never once peeped into her album, and, while she was performing the overture of *Der Freischutz*, his back was turned upon the executioner, and he was engaged in conversation with his mother, and at one time (of all people in the world) with little Grace Medlicot; so piqued was the miser's daughter at his negligent behaviour, that she positively refused to sing, although in the opinion of her own circle she was little short of a *prima donna*."

Not one of the least amusing characters in this book, is Mrs. Martin, the governess of the Spreads, whom the master of the house leads into dinner with as much respect as if she was the Duchess of Sutherland—a lofty lady of great dignity, who was the authoress of a work on "the Godmothers of England"—was eminent for her skill in mastering young mistresses and governing young masters. Taking a hint from the clever suggestion of the sprightly Miss Laura Smyly, she feels disposed to correct her pupils with 'Montgomery's Satan,' which will have the effect of making them hate both Montgomery and Lucifer for the rest of their lives, and to give them 'Pollock's Course of Time' smartly instead of the birch. This exemplary lady lectures Miss Elizabeth Spread, the betrothed of the Rev. Bat. Owlet, after the fashion of the famous Miss Griffin, upon domestic government, and the management of husbands. Her first principle is *design*. "Let there be, my dear," she says to her pupil, "design in every thing you say and do." The pupil wonders and looks as if she thinks this a singular precept for so great a moralist as her governess; and then the lady draws a distinction between having a design and being designing; the *design*, to which she more particularly refers being the moral culture and improvement of the husband. The art of conversation, for the purpose of carrying out this object, being reduced to three simple rules—the first of which is adaptation, or the study of his character and tastes, and the conformation thereto of the lady's conversation; the second, a perpetual air of sprightliness and animation; the third, a continual aim either for the establishment of a fact or the deduction of a moral. And by these simple rules are all the husbands in the world to be governed. We wish, for the sake of a practical illustration of her favorite theory, the worthy governess had taken in hand to break in the refractory "Bach-

observation and piquant description. The forte of the author chiefly consists in what Mrs. Malaprop calls "a nice derangement of epitaphs" — a shrewd knowledge of the oddest nooks and crannies of human nature, and a caustic and humorous mode of presenting them to his readers. What can possibly be better than his sketch of Dorothea Potts, the ingenious and exemplary cook of Mrs. Narrowsmith? She had ruled the roast for a Welsh parson; she had ministered in the kitchen of a half-pay captain of infantry; she had officiated for briefless barristers in lodgings — the best of all academies for the finer branches of gastronomy; and having already passed an apprenticeship of four years in the service of the Narrowsmiths, she had ample time to perfect her education, particularly as the climate of the kitchen was never of that high temperature which must so seriously enervate a cook's frame, and embarrass her in the discharge of her local duties. The night before the banquet, under the management of this experienced artiste, we are informed —

"There was fearful cooking in Rodney-street; mixtures of all things cheap and varied — sweets that should have been sour, and soups that should have been sweet. Mrs. Narrowsmith manufactured custards without precedent; Miss Narrowsmith fabricated puddings without example; while the *soi disant* cook concocted inexplicable gravies and appalling soups. A dropper-in during the orgies might well have cried —

"How now, ye secret, black, and midnight hags,
What is it ye do?"

And the trio might with equal propriety have replied —

"A deed without a name."

The bachelor of the Albany, who is present at the feast, behaves himself with tolerable propriety, except in regard of an argument upon Irish absenteeism, which, however, attracts the attention of two crotchety members of the company to such a degree, that they meditate returning him for Boroughcross, a town in Yorkshire then in want of a representative.

Absenteeism, says the bachelor, is one of the few blessings which Ireland enjoys. The absentee is either rich, or he is poor. If he is rich, he must be a rascal to desert his native country, where there is enough of that commodity at present; if he is poor, he can be of no use, for what can a pauper landlord do for a pauper tenantry? Therefore, &c. &c.

This sophism is an ingenious one; and we cannot too much commend it to the notice of those great landed proprietors who think their

country, from which they extract their fifty thousand a-year, suffers no detriment in consequence of this sum being squandered on idle dissipation in London, instead of being judiciously laid out at home. The banquet in Rodney-street is remarkable, too, for introducing to the notice of the company a young lady, who is led in by Mrs. Narrowsmith for the purpose of stopping up a gap in the table, some one of the party having discovered the astounding fact that it amounted only to the inauspicious number of thirteen. The new-comer was a distinguished-looking, and singularly interesting girl, plainly, and even poorly dressed, but attracting the attention of all by the fascination of her manner, and the gentle and winning grace of her deportment. She was unknown to all the company — no one had ever been aware that the cold and churlish mansion of the Narrowsmiths could boast of so rare an ornament. It is discovered, however, that Miss Medlicot — for such was her name — is the orphan ward, and the near relative of the miser. Lately returning, on the death of her father, from one of the colonies, she had suffered shipwreck upon the Cornish coast; and after having undergone all the fearful perils and privations consequent upon one of the most calamitous shipwrecks of the time, with a fortitude, and calm courage, unexampled in one so young, she had landed upon the shores of England totally unacquainted with the face of a human being, and utterly ignorant of even the residence of the relative to whom she had been consigned, indebted for a temporary asylum to the charity of a benevolent clergyman in the neighbourhood, who, to use the singularly powerful and expressive words of the author, "preached the doctrines of his divine master not ineloquently in the pulpit, but with ten times more power in the silent rhetoric of his life." She succeeded in recovering a few articles of her property from the wreck, amongst which was a box containing, besides some papers of consequence, a letter directed to Mr. Narrowsmith, of Liverpool, to whom, accordingly, supplied with clothes for her journey from the scanty wardrobe of the wife of her benevolent protector, she at length found her way, shortly before the period of the banquet. This young lady is the heroine of the story, the plot of which is exceedingly simple, and may be narrated in a very few words; but before we proceed to describe how this interesting girl becomes connected with the fortunes of the eccentric bachelor of the Albany, we positively cannot resist extracting our author's piquant and charming description of the drawing-room in Rodney street, which is a perfect gem. We have seen such ourselves: we only wish we could describe it as well.

the freak of fortune. Greatness was thrust upon him; and, like Mr. O'Callaghan, who opened his eyelids one morning, and found he was married, or Byron, who awoke to find he was famous, Mr. Barker discovers in the *Times*, that he is duly elected a Burgess to serve in parliament for the town of Boroughcross. The bachelor is frantic; he writes a virulent and abusive letter to his old friend, Mr. Spread, accusing him of being the author of his misfortune. There is no use, however, in rebelling against his destiny — a member of the legislature he is; "set up as a kind of target, by the constitution, for the political bores of all England to shoot at, besides being, in a special manner, the property of the bores of Boroughcross." His perplexity is told in a most comical and graphic manner, when after a short space his table began to be covered with all sorts of petitions and applications; requests from electors, "who had done the state some service," for places, cornetcies for younger sons, &c.; two petitions, in tin cases, against a standing army; three for the instant removal of bishops from the Lords; two for the erection of May-poles in rural districts; one from the fair constituents of Boroughcross, praying a prohibition duty might be imposed upon cigars, and free trade extended to Brussels lace and bulbous roots; and then, to add to his chagrin, the *Boroughcross Independent* is duly forwarded to him, containing a spicy article from the pen of the redoubted Mrs. Farquhar, cutting him up into mincemeat. In the direst embarrassment he thinks seriously of taking the Chiltern Hundreds, which no sooner occurs to him than it is announced in large letters by the *Daily News*, and then comes an epistle to the following effect: —

"March 15 — 23 1-2, Silver-street.

"Honorable Sir, — I trust your goodness will excuse the liberty I take of intruding upon your valuable time — now the property of your country; but your kindness to me on a former occasion emboldens me to apply to you again, now that Providence has placed you in the high position to which your talents justly entitle you, and to which, knowing your honorable emulation, I always predicted that, sooner or later, you would arrive. Finding, from the organs of public intelligence, that you are about to accept the lucrative and influential situation of the Children Hundreds (which, I presume, is an office connected with the all-important subject of national education), I am induced humbly to beg you will cast a favorable eye upon my poor nephew, Alexander, who now writes an excellent official hand (having been instructed by myself), and is otherwise competent to fill the office of private secretary or confidential clerk, beside being particularly fond of children, which would of course be expected in your department. I

beg to enclose specimens of my boy's chirography, with twenty-three testimonials of his moral character.

"And trusting again that you will pardon this intrusion, '*Cum tot sustineas*,' as Horace says,

"I have the honor to remain,

"Your grateful and obedient servant,

"Mathew Quill,

"Your old writing-master.

"To the Right Hon. Peter Barker, M. P.
the Albany."

But it is time for us to return to the story, the main incidents of which are slight, and the plot just sufficient for the development of the characters of its *dramatis personæ*. The residence of the pretty Grace Medicot beneath the roof of the Narrowsmiths became so intolerable, from the series of "minor snubbings" and petty annoyances to which she was exposed on the part of the heads of the house, and the fair Maria Theresa, that at length she determines upon immediate flight, which, by means of the pecuniary assistance of Mrs. Potts, whom we have already introduced to the notice of our readers, she succeeds in effecting. Her place of refuge is unknown, although she is anxiously sought after through the greater part of Europe by Philip Spread, who becomes the victim of her attractions. The Bachelor, in the progress of one of his visits to the Rosary, where the Spreads had taken up their country residence, gets overset in the river, and not being much of a swimmer, very narrowly escapes with his life; the result of his sudden immersion in the water, is a severe illness, by which he is overtaken at a little cottage, the rustic abode of the wicked and pretty Mrs. Harry Farquhar, in the neighbourhood of which the accident had occurred, and hither he was carried, for the purpose of restoring suspended animation. His illness becomes alarming, and, in its protracted course, "He summons his thoughts to council, upon his temporal affairs, and holds a session of the court of conscience." The result of his investigations is the recurrence to his mind of an earnest notice, which had some time previously attracted his attention, in what Mr. Quill called the "organs of public intelligence" — to the purport, that if he would apply to a certain office in Chancery-lane, he would be made acquainted with something which deeply concerned him, in connection with his brother, who had died in the West Indies. By this notice the selfish bachelor, in the days of his health, had been greatly tormented. He thought, with some reason, that it was a nephew in search of an uncle; and having, upon two occasions, got into disagreeable contact with a very unprepossessing young gentleman, with a rough voice and a shaggy great-coat, to whom he had conceived an

elor of the Albany." To be sure, it would have been rather stiff work, but he falls, perhaps, into better hands, for such management is generally more effective when it comes assisted by the rhetoric of a pair of bright eyes, and when "the moral is deduced" by a handsome, sprightly girl like Laura Smyly, instead of by an antique governess in a wig and black silk gown. This picture of Mrs. Martin is very cleverly drawn, possibly with not quite so much elaboration as some of the other characters; but it is nothing the worse for that, as, with the artist's pencil, a single touch effectively given often does more than the most minute and careful finishing of a less practised hand.

Mrs. Harry Farquhar is also a piquant portrait, the original of which is not quite strange to us. A small, tight, pretty — a wickedly pretty woman! — with an insolent eye and a passionate complexion — she broke herself in gloves at exciting conjunctures — always tearing off a button when she was "raised" in a conjugal fracas. In her toilette she was a termagant, wearing the most piquant of bonnets, but wearing it awry; she was too hasty for buttons, and too violent for hooks and eyes. She drove, moreover, the prettiest pair of prancing ponies, in the nicest little carriage which ever was seen at Norwood. She pays a visit to our friend, the Bachelor, at his chambers in the Albany, in high wrath at some supposed interference on his part with the Spreads, in the choice of a country residence. The scene between the pair contains some humorous touches: —

"Leaving her ponies in charge of the servant standing at the entrance to the Albany, she strutted, whip in hand, in her brazen, fearless way, towards the Bachelor's chambers, the number of which she had first learned from the porter.

"Reynolds answered her loud knock and her sharp application to the bell.

"Is Mr. Barker at home?"

"Reynolds hesitated, and was lost. In a moment, the Bachelor was startled from a chapter of Rabelais, which he was reading, by the apparition of a lady in his sanctum sanctorum, and the last lady he would have coveted a visit from. She bustled in, affectedly smiling and simpering, but with half an eye you could see the snake among the flowers.

"You are surprised at a visit from me, Mr. Barker. No, thank you, I shan't sit down. You never come to see me, Mr. Barker."

"Barker had never been so completely thrown off his centre before. He muttered something about his being glad to see Mrs. Farquhar, and an humble inquiry as to the fortunate circumstances to which he was to ascribe the honor she had done him.

"Perhaps I'm come to give you a little bit of

a scolding, Mr. Barker,' still smiling, but the snake more visible every moment.

"Barker bit his lip, grew a little white, and said, ignorant as he was of having given any offence, he hoped she would see the propriety of reserving her favor of that description for Mr. Farquhar.

"This stung her little ladyship, but she passed it over in her eagerness to come to the main point, which was her desire to know what he meant by interfering in the affairs of her sister's family.

"Madam!" said Barker, not perceiving her drift.

"The Spreads must live at Richmond, to plague you, Mr. Barker; they can't take a house at Norwood, near me, because you presume to intrude."

"The intrusion, madam, is not on my part," said Barker, lowering, and almost glancing at the door.

"To meddle in what's no affair of your's," continued the pretty vixen, slapping her dress with her whip.

"Really, Mrs. Farquhar," said Barker, with the severest gravity, and anxious to disembarass himself of his visitor, "I can discover no adequate motive for this strange proceeding upon your part, unless indeed you are come to horsewhip me."

"Now, don't you deserve it, sir?" said the pretty little Amazon, again slapping her dress, but now she did it rather playfully, and with a simpering laugh; beginning to be sensible that she had placed herself in a false position, and that her best course was to laugh herself out of it. Barker ought to have built a bridge of gold for the flying enemy, but he could not resist the temptation of replying, and he made the reply in his most acrimonious manner —

"I have not the honor of being your husband, Mrs. Harry; if I had" — glancing at the horsewhip, with the plainest intimation that in that case it would inevitably change hands.

"If you had, you would know better than to interfere in what is none of your business, Mr. Peter — Peter the Hermit. We all know what kind of hermits you bachelors of the Albany are. Your character —"

"Take care of your own character, madam — you will have no sinecure office," rejoined Barker, vehemently.

"My character is in no great danger here, at all events," retorted Mrs. Harry, with a look so point blank at Mr. Barker's grizzled hair, that never did arrow go truer to the mark. She was so content, indeed, with the blow, that she accompanied it with a *contumelious* courtsey, and thought it a good opportunity for retreating, which Reynolds, who had witnessed the scene (not without apprehensions for his master's safety) gave her every facility for doing. However, she did not return to her ponies without several brandishes of her whip, and a muttered volley of 'mischief-making bachelors, and Peter the Hermit,' three times over."

The bachelor of the Albany becomes at length

pen, would make an effort to raise him to his proper place in society: but he commonly repelled such services, and seemed perversely to prefer a precarious to a certain revenue. At length he wrote a tragedy; it was printed, and pronounced not only a fine piece of dramatic writing, but eminently adapted to the stage. The managers of two theatres offered large terms to secure it, but Raymond had not written it for representation, and obstinately refused both proposals. This was the occasion of the only disagreement (save on points of criticism) that had ever occurred between him and Barker, who could not see, without extreme impatience, the road to reputation and independence opened to his friend in vain. He urged him vehemently to take the prudent course, and censured him harshly when he proved inaccessible to reason. The sensitive author was offended, and the intercourse of friendship was suspended for some weeks. But Barker was seized with a malignant fever, and instantly Raymond was at his side. When the bachelor rose from his couch, a stranger would have been at a loss to decide whether he or his friend had been the victim of disease. Their first separation was then near at hand. Raymond had at last been induced to accept a small colonial appointment. Barker was grieved to lose him, but glad to see uncertainties at length exchanged for certainties. When the heavy hour arrived, the young men — neither had reached his three-and-twentieth year — embraced with more than brotherly affection, and with a sentiment becoming their age, exchanged their rings. Raymond's was a carbuncle, with a head of Shakespeare; Barker's a topaz, with his heraldic emblem — a mastiff. The Atlantic soon divided them; a few letters were interchanged, and then poor Raymond was no more heard of."

The pen which has produced this beautiful episode, is capable of a higher flight than the satirical delineation of character — the exhibition of the ludicrous, or the light texture of the vivacious and sparkling dialogue. It must be one of power, to stir the deeper feelings of the human heart, and, in scenes of pathos and of tenderness, to captivate the heart and charm the fancy. We have unfortunately as yet had but slight opportunity of testing the accuracy of our opinion, but there can be no question that the writer who has produced that exquisite morceau which we have just extracted, is capable of the very highest excellence which can be achieved.

The progress of the story soon develops the fact, that Grace Medlicot is the orphan daughter of the long-forgotten Raymond, who had been consigned by her father upon his death-bed to the care of his old friend, the "Bachelor;" and explains, too, what is more astonishing still, how the Mrs. Grace, the governess of Mrs. Harry Farquhar's cottage ornée and Miss Grace

Medlicot, are one and the same. Obligated to make a retreat from the abode of the miser, and compelled to have recourse to her own talents for subsistence, the charming Grace had selected the garb of a widow, as the most demure she could assume, and the one best calculated to do away with the unfavorable impression her extreme youth would create in the capacity of instructress of youth; she had succeeded in obtaining the situation of governess in the family of Mrs. Farquhar, ignorant of the relationship in which she stood to the Spreads. Mr. Isaac Narrowsmith had unjustly possessed himself of a property, under the decree of a colonial court, to which his orphan ward was entitled. This decree is reversed, upon appeal to the privy council, Grace enjoys her own again, and becomes the happy wife of Philip Spread. But how can we bring ourselves to narrate the catastrophe which befalls the luckless Bachelor? The stream of human events had set against him — his systems were demolished — his chambers in the Albany had no longer charms for him. At a certain archery meeting at the Rosary, the fair Laura Smyly sends her shaft to the mark with such unerring precision, that she not only transfixes the "bull's-eye," but, through the adamantine circle which surrounds it, pierces the Bachelor's heart. The game is up, the Bachelor is floored; and one lovely morning in the merry month of May — when fields and gardens were rife with beauty — when the air was laden with the fragrance of new-mown hay, and the perfume of roses — three couples stood before the altar of the parish church — the Bachelor and his bride, Philip and Grace, and Elizabeth with her Owlet, to which gentleman, we are bound to mention, a point occurred as to the canonical propriety of the appointed hour, which was at last adjusted to his satisfaction.

Upon the whole, the perusal of this work has afforded us the highest gratification — our interest has never been allowed for a moment to flag — full of the quaintest conceits, and abounding with a species of dry humor which is irresistible, we have no doubt that it will add largely to the reputation of the author of 'The Falcon Family.' We have entered, perhaps, rather more at large into the details of the story, and the description of the characters, than we should have done, had the public been already familiar with them, or had the work not been from the pen of one in whose success, as a countryman of our own, we feel the strongest interest. We have, possibly, no right to assume that the author is a countryman, for the "venue is laid" in England, in which country also the work has been published; but we are interested in connecting with the literature of Ireland, one of

instinctive aversion, the bachelor had taken it into his wise noddle that this must be the very nephew in question; and so repugnant did he become to any further acquaintance with his interesting relative, that he obstinately abstained from taking any steps towards answering the advertisement. Conscience, however, now began to twitch him; he reproached himself for his selfish conduct; to whom should he leave his property, in the event of this illness proving fatal? ought he not make the only reparation in his power for his cruel and unfeeling neglect, by taking instant measures for the discovery of his unfortunate relative. Tortured by these reflections, he at length consults Mr. Spread, whom he dispatches to the house in Chancery-lane, mentioned in the newspapers as the place to which he was to apply. Spread is unsuccessful in his inquiries, the gentleman who had inserted the notice being out of town; none of the clerks in the office knew anything about the matter, save that the person interested in the inquiry was "young, a female, and an orphan." He obtains, however, the name and address of a clergyman, who proves, upon inquiry, to be the same who had afforded shelter to Grace Medlicot, after her shipwreck on the coast of Cornwall. The clue, however slight, is sufficient, and an envoy having been instantly despatched to the Cornish parson, it turns out that the person described in the advertisement, and Miss Grace Medlicot, are identical. But how to discover the fair fugitive is now the puzzle; when all the anxious researches of the enamoured lover had proved ineffectual, what chance was there of ascertaining her retreat? Now there was residing at Mrs. Harry Farquhar's cottage, when the half-drowned bachelor was carried thither, a certain pretty little governess, who went by the name of Mrs. Grace; she becomes, of course, exceedingly attentive to the bachelor, and grows much interested in his fate, as his progress towards convalescence becomes more confirmed, the reason whereof is soon explained. She requests the nurse to lay, as if by accident, upon a table within the sick man's apartment, a certain picture, which he soon discovers — and then, upon the sight, a host of incidents connected with his earlier life, of scenes and places long forgotten, crowd upon his mind: —

"Raymond, Raymond? Barker had long, for many years, almost forgotten the name, but now that accident recalled it, a hundred recollections of scenes and places, of pleasures and pursuits connected with that name come tumbling in quick succession from the long unvisited nook in the case of memory, as mouldy papers or old coins roll out of the recesses of some cabinet unlocked for three generations. He had met Ray-

mond in his fresh youth, before his cynical character had been formed, and they had contracted an ardent friendship on the basis of a common passion for the pursuits of literature. Hand in hand they had roamed the flowery tracts of Greek and Roman learning, more thoughtful of wit and philosophy than of prosody and syntax; not in the steps of the Bentleys and the Blomfields, to discuss the digamma or wrangle about accents, but to gather the sweet fancies, the deep maxims, and the glorious sentiments of the bard, the historian, and the orator; together they had lingered over Livy's picture page; listened enchanted to the notes of 'sweet Electra's poet;' laughed (especially Barker) with Aristophanes and Lucian, at the perennial follies and impostures of the world, and then repaired to the famous orators —

'Those ancients, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will the fierce democracy,'

to learn how the thunderbolts of speech were forged by the Cyclopien bards of old. Descending the stream of time, the young fellow-travelers through the commonwealth of letters, rapidly visited all that is most worthy of note or cultivation in the literature of Italy and France, but lingered over that of their own country — traced and retraced its highways and its byways, in prose and rhyme, until, like the old swain, they

'Knew each lane and every alley green,
Dingle and bushy dell in that wild wood,
And every bosky borne from side to side.'

It is in haunts like these that the fastest friendships are formed. In the common adoration of Milton, or the common joy in Shakspeare, Barker recalled the very places where he and his friend made their first acquaintance with the master-pieces of the English language. Raymond's tastes had been softer than Barker's; his temperament was melancholy without being morose; there was something mysterious about his family and position in life, which Barker, with all his intimacy, recollected he had never been able to fathom. He was limited in his circumstances, and careless about making them better. Though his manners were gentle and his tastes refined, the bachelor was inclined to think his origin had been humble. After the first year of their acquaintance, Raymond's small income must have been considerably reduced, for he sought to turn his literary talents to account, and became a reporter to a weekly newspaper and a contributor to several reviews and magazines. He would have risen in that path, thorny and tedious as it is, had he persevered, but he had little ambition and less avarice. He was thoughtless and reckless of himself; as improvident as if he expected to be fed by the ravens or by manna dropping from the skies. He made friends, but made no use of them when made; he lost friends, and took no pains to recover them. Now and then some high-minded man, with social or political influence, aware of his worth, or charmed by some production of his

whose fame she has reason to be proud — the more especially as we have now an additional proof of what we took occasion, in a notice of a recent work, to assert, that we have in Ireland men capable of earning for her in the world of literature a name which will be imperishable. We have had a double pleasure, too, in making this book known to the public, ere vulgar critics have "tried their 'prentice hand" upon its virgin pages; and in being the first to offer a prediction, which we feel certain will be abundantly verified—unless our critical acumen be strangely at fault, that the success of "The Bachelor"

will be complete and rapid. Our judgment in such matters is seldom astray; and although our draft upon public favor has been a large one, we venture boldly to assert that it will be accepted *at sight* by the opinion of our readers; which acceptance to say nothing of our *endorsement*, will, we feel assured, have the effect of adding to the proceeds of the author in the bank of Fame, as well as the not less agreeable consequence, of increasing the balance to his credit in the hands of his publisher. — *Dublin University Magazine*.

THE ENGLISH REFORMATION.

Original Letters Relative to the English Reformation, written during the Reigns of King Henry VIII., King Edward VI., and Queen Mary: chiefly from the Archives of Zurich. Translated from Authenticated Copies of the Autographs, and edited by the Rev. Hastings Robinson, D. D. Printed for the Parker Society.

The volume before us completes the correspondence which the researches of the agents of the Parker Society have brought to light from the archives of Zurich and other similar repositories in Switzerland. Although the last in order of publication, it is the earliest in order of study. The two previous volumes included only the letters written during the reign of Elizabeth: — this contains those written during the reigns of her three immediate predecessors. The Parker Society seem to have little regard to chronology in their issues. In noticing the second volume of this series [*Athenæum*, No. 968], we pointed out the inexpediency of separating by a long and unnecessary interval in the publication, letters which are cognate in subject and spirit, as well as contemporaneous in date. The contents of the present volume bear witness to the same want of historical method.

The work of the Reformation in England assumed a distinct aspect under each of the four sovereigns named. It was doubtful under Henry VIII., — decided under the reign of Edward VI., — temporarily overthrown under Mary, — and finally triumphant under the auspices of her sister and successor Elizabeth. In order to study these varying phases to any purpose, it is evident that they should be contemplated chronologically: and satisfied as the student of English ecclesiastical history may be to have these orig-

inal documents on the subject in any order and form, the general reader, if he care about the volumes at all, has a fair ground of complaint on the mode in which they are issued.

We do not consider the letters in this collection equally important in an historical sense with those published in former volumes. The writers are, on the whole, less distinguished. There are, one brief but characteristic epistle from Melancthon — six from Calvin — and several from Peter Martyr, Martin Bucer, and others of less note. The letters are of an uniform character — pedantic, pious, gossiping, and scholarly; with an occasional touch of worldliness in the tone, which is apt to startle one in such company — and full of polemics which have too little of the profound to recommend them to general attention. They are singularly meagre in references to any matters of political or social interest. Incidentally there are, of course, a few notes scattered throughout the collection on the manners and moralities of the age; and these, though slight and imperfect, are valuable in their way. An instance of the severity of the English criminal code in the middle of the sixteenth century, and of the facility with which the last penalty of the law could be commuted into an insignificant fine, is referred to in the following paragraph. —

"I wrote in another letter about a certain Zurichier here, who is imprisoned, and condemned to death, as I understand, for a trifling theft. We used every exertion in his behalf, and have obtained his discharge from the king, which will cost four pounds. This sum is being scraped together by some worthy persons by way of an eleemosynary contribution. The man's name is Valentine Werdmuller. If you are acquainted with his parents, and they are persons of ability, I should wish that sum to be remitted to

the Flemish church which is assembled here, and which has paid it for him. He will still remain in prison for some days. He promises every thing that is good. We shall send him back to you; he seems to be a person well-born."

Another letter adds: —

"We have been scraping together, as far as we can, charitable contributions for his ransom. But the amount is too great for us Flemish foreigners to collect without inconvenience; since, beyond my expectation, we shall have to pay about six pounds, that is, nineteen crowns, and we are few in number, and for the most part poor. If his parents are able, we hope they will send a sum of money that he may soon be set at liberty, as one of their kinsmen has told me will be the case."

The formidable learning of the patrician damsels of the period is well known. Elizabeth herself was mistress of nine languages — though she never could learn to spell English correctly. The following account of the studies of the Lady Jane, daughter of the Marquis of Dorset, will convey a notion of the education and tastes of the female portion of the aristocracy of that time. The epistle is addressed to Conrad Pelican. —

"I am more bold in writing to you by reason of the daughter of the most noble, the marquis of Dorset, a lady who is well versed both in Greek and Latin, and who is now especially desirous of studying Hebrew. I have been staying with her these two days: she is inquiring of me the best method of acquiring that language, and cannot easily discover the path which she may pursue with credit and advantage. She has written to Bullinger upon this subject; but, if I guess right, he will be very willing to transfer the office to you, both because he is always overwhelmed with affairs of greater importance, and because all the world is aware of your perfect knowledge of that language. If, therefore, you are willing to oblige a powerful and eminent nobleman with honor to yourself, you will by no means refuse this office and duty to his daughter. It is an important and honorable employment, and one too of great use. The young lady is the daughter of the marquis, and is to be married, as I hear, to the king. By your acceding to my request, she will be more easily kept in her distinguished course of learning: the marquis also will be made more steadfast in religion, and I shall appear to be neither unmindful of, nor ungrateful for, the favors conferred by them upon myself."

The writer foresees objections on the part of the scholar — and proceeds to anticipate them. —

"You will perhaps say, 'I shall seem to have but very little modesty, in writing to a young lady, the daughter of a nobleman, and one too not even personally known to me.' But believe me, you need not entertain any fears of this kind: for I well know how great is the reputa-

tion of your name in this country; how influential the weight of your character, how venerated is your old age; and I wish you to remember this, namely, that bashfulness is considered by philosophers as a defect in old men. Put away, therefore, all awkward excuses, and take in hand the business itself. I promise you, indeed, and solemnly pledge myself, that I will bear all the blame, if you ever repent of this deed, or if the marquis's daughter do not most willingly acknowledge your courtesy. Write, therefore, a letter to her as soon as possible, in which you will briefly point out a method of learning the sacred language, and then honorably consecrate to her name your Latin translation of the Jewish Talmud. You will easily understand the extent of her attainments by the letter which she wrote to Bullinger. In truth, I do not think that among all the English nobility for many ages past there has arisen a single individual, who, to the highest excellences of talent and judgment has united so much diligence and assiduity in the cultivation of every liberal pursuit. For she is not only conversant with the more polite accomplishments, and with ordinary acquirements, but has also so exercised herself in the practice of speaking with propriety both in Greek and Latin, that it is incredible how far she has advanced already, and to what perfection she will advance in a few years; for I well know that she will complete what she has begun, unless, perhaps, she be diverted from her pursuits by some calamity of the times."

The following extract contains a characteristic anecdote of the Earl of Warwick, afterwards Duke of Northumberland. —

"The noble personage in question is most eminent for renown, most influential in authority, most deserving as to religion: he is praised by many, and by the king he is regarded in the place of a father. Why should I say more? He almost alone, with the duke of Suffolk, governs the state, and supports and upholds it on his own shoulders. He is manifestly the thunderbolt and terror of the papists. When the duke of Somerset last year, at the urgent entreaty of the king's sister, had given her license still to attend mass and have access to her sacrificing knaves, and was unwilling to restrain her in any respect, Warwick is reported to have been very angry with him, and to have said, 'The mass is either of God or of the devil: if of God, it is but right that all our people should be allowed to go to it; but if it is not of God, as we are all taught out of the scriptures, why then should not the voice of this fury be equally proscribed to all?' Scarce a year had elapsed from this expostulation, when, lo! the wretched and calamitous fall of the duke of Somerset, by which he is hurled headlong from the highest pinnacle of his power; and doubtless for this especial reason, that he was of a more gentle and pliant nature in religious matters than was befitting a nobleman possessed of so much authority. Warwick, therefore, as soon as he had

the law of God. Those who think differently, terribly exaggerate the divine law, and carry it to an unwarrantable extent. I, on the contrary, would magnify, in political matters, the authority of the magistrate which, indeed, is of no little weight; and there are many things which are made lawful by reason of such authority, the lawfulness of which might otherwise be doubted. If the king were sufficiently instructed upon this point, his conscience, I think, might be satisfied. As to myself, I will have nothing to do with the business; if any one recommends a divorce, he shall perform his part without me."

It may be useful for some of our readers to be informed that, in consequence of many parties having expressed a desire to have the original Latin of the last two portions of the Zurich Letters, the Council of the Parker Society have determined to publish them in one volume — at a small additional subscription, as soon as 500 names of separate subscribers shall be forwarded to the office of the Society for that purpose. — *Athenæum*.

THOMAS MACAULAY.

BY GEORGE GILFILLAN.

To attempt a new appraisal of the intellectual character of Thomas Macaulay, we are impelled by various motives. Our former notice of him was short, hurried, and imperfect. Since it was written, too, we have had an opportunity of seeing and hearing the man, which, as often happens in such cases, has given a more distinct and tangible shape to our views, as well as considerably modified them. Above all, the public attention has of late, owing to circumstances, been so strongly turned upon him, that we are tolerably sure of carrying it along with us in our present discussion.

The two most popular of British authors are, at present, Charles Dickens and Thomas Macaulay. The supremacy of the former is verily one of the signs of the times. He has no massive or profound intellect — no lore superior to a school-boy's — no vast or creative imagination — little philosophic insight, little power of serious writing, and little sympathy with either the subtler and profounder parts of man, or with the grander features of Nature; (witness his description of Niagara — he would have painted the next pump better!) And yet, through his simplicity and sincerity, his boundless *bonhomie*, his fantastic humor, his sympathy with every day life, and his absolute and unique dominion over every region of the odd, he has obtained a popularity which Shakspeare nor hardly Scott in their lifetime enjoyed. He is ruling over us like a Fairy King, or Prince Prettyman — strong men as well as weak yielding to the glamor of his tiny rod. Louis the 14th walked so erect, and was so perfect in the management of his person, that people mistook his very size, and it was not discovered till after his death, that he was a little and not a large man. So many of the admirers of Dickens have been so dazzled by the elegance of his proportions, the fairy beauty of his features,

the minute grace of his motions, and the small sweet smile which plays about his mouth, that they have imagined him to be a Scott, or even a Shakspeare. To do him justice, he himself has never fallen into such an egregious mistake. He has seldom, if ever, sought to alter, by one octave, the note Nature gave him, and which is not that of an eagle nor of a nightingale, nor of a lark, but of a happy, homely, gleesome 'Crick-et on the Hearth.' Small almost as his own Tiny Tim, dressed in as dandyfied a style as his own Lord Frederick Verisoft, he is as full of the milk of human kindness as his own Brother Cheeryble; and we cannot but love the man who has first loved all human beings, who can own Newman Noggs as a brother, and can find something to respect in a Bob Sawyers, and something to pity in a Ralph Nickleby. Never was a monarch of popular literature less envied or more loved; and while rather wondering at the length of his reign over such a capricious domain as that of Letters, and while fearlessly expressing our doubts as to his greatness or permanent dominion, we own that his sway has been that of gentleness — of a good, wide-minded, and kindly man; and take this opportunity of wishing long life and prosperity to "Bonnie Prince Charlie."

In a different region, and on a higher and haughtier seat, is Thomas Macaulay exalted. In general literature, as Dickens in fiction, is he held to be *facile princeps*. He is, besides, esteemed a rhetorician of a high class — a statesman of no ordinary calibre — a lyrical poet of much mark and likelihood — a scholar ripe and good — and, mounted on this high pedestal, he "has purposed in his heart to take another step," and to snatch from the hand of the Historic Muse one of her richest laurels. To one so gifted in the prodigality of Heaven, can we approach

succeeded into his office, immediately took care that the mass-priests of Mary should be thrown into prison, while to herself he entirely interdicted the use of the mass and of popish books."

In order to conciliate this formidable personage, John Ab Ulmis strongly urges Henry Bulinger to dedicate to him one of his books;—an honor of which princes were, in that pedantic age, particularly proud. The letter in which this matter is urged contains some curious revelations as to the objects of those dedications,—objects which were as little dignified as in the subsequent period of literary history, when the art of dedication became a regular traffic.—

"You may use this form of dedication: 'To the most illustrious prince and lord, lord John Dudley, the most mighty duke of Northumberland, earl of Warwick, &c., president and first lord of the council of the king of the kingdoms of England, Ireland, and France.' Our friend Hilles of London, in whose house I left Cheke's note to me, will inclose it in this parcel. It will, I am sure, be pleasant and agreeable to both of you if you should by this correspondence form a mutual friendship for each other. You are superior to him in age and judgment; he, from his learning and good qualities, has great influence with the king. I am nobly recommended by you, and by him in many ways befriended and benefitted. Let this then be the ground of your writing to Cheke, if no better occur to you. He twice entertained my cousins very courteously for your sake in the king's palace, when they arrived here some months since; and making affectionate inquiries respecting yourself and master Pellican, he repeatedly expressed his desire to see one or the other of you in these parts. In the next place, he was almost the only cause of my admission into the king's college, no one making interest for me, except Traheron, who stated that I was recommended to him by yourself. Last of all, he has faithfully promised for your sake, to settle with Warwick the case of Alexander, which Hooper had already entered upon. But this excellent young man cannot expect to derive any advantage from your recommendation, till you have performed your promise to the duke; for then the affair can be arranged of itself, without any compromise of your dignity, and also with due regard to the feelings of Alexander. Do not make any request to Cheke, but only give him to understand that we may not be unmindful of, or ungrateful to, either of you. You may in your letter to him make honorable mention of Alexander's father, and say how gratifying it is to you, that for your sake he showed such attention and kindness to the son of a most honorable and excellent man."

The "Cheke" here mentioned is that famous Sir John Cheke who was tutor to Edward VI.,—and who wrote the first work on English phrenology.

An anecdote, characteristic of the time, is related of Bishop Hooper, who subsequently suffered martyrdom by fire at Gloucester—and whose monument still stands in front of the gate of the episcopal palace in that city.—

"You will learn many things from Stumphius respecting Hooper, and these few particulars from myself. When he was lately accused by certain persons of acting with severity in the discharge of his function towards tradespeople and those of the lower orders, but lax and indulgent towards those of higher rank, 'My brethren,' he says, 'I wish you would bring before me any of the chief nobility, whom you can prove by positive evidence to have been guilty either of fornication or adultery, and you may punish me with death if I fail to convince you of the impartiality of my proceedings towards all alike.' It happened some days after that Sir Antony Kingston, a man of great influence, was accused of adultery before Hooper. Hooper cited him into this court, but the knight at first refused to make his appearance; induced, however, at length, as I suppose, by the hope of impunity, he waited on the bishop; and, being severely rebuked by him, gave him a blow on the cheek before all the people, and loaded him with abuse. Hooper laid the whole matter before the government; the council summoned the man forthwith, and treated him so severely that it would have been better for him to have endured any thing rather than the punishment inflicted on him by the government; for he was both mulcted in the penalty of five hundred pounds and handed over to Hooper to be dealt with according to law and custom, to do penance, which kind of punishment is the most shameful and disgraceful of any."

The contumacious knight was afterwards one of the commissioners at Hooper's cremation, and strove hard to induce him to recant and save his life. Failing in this, he acknowledged his personal obligations to the martyr—whose admonitions, he said, had rescued him from vice. It is pleasant to record the evidence of gratitude for such a service, honorable to both the parties concerned.

The one epistle of Melancthon we extract. It is short, pithy, decided; and shows that the mildest of the reformers could be sufficiently firm and unmistakeable when the vices of the great were in question. It refers to the celebrated controversy opened at the instance of Henry VIII., on the subject of divorce—and on which the scholars of Europe offered, generally, such complacent opinions.—

"I have received your letter upon the English controversy, respecting which I have written my sentiments to Simon [Grynæus], and see no reason to change them. I cannot recommend a divorce, where a marriage is not repugnant to

can draw forth all the riches of his mind, and the presence of inspiration alone makes him inspired.

But this sympathy with genius does not amount to genius itself; it is too catholic and too prostrate. The man of the highest order of genius, after the enthusiasm of youth is spent, is rarely its worshipper, even as exists in himself. He worships rather the object which genius contemplates, and the ideal at which it aims. He is rapt up to a higher region, and hears a mightier voice. Listening to the melodies of Nature, to the march of the eternal hours, to the severe music of continuous thought, to the rush of his own advancing soul, he cannot so complacently bend an ear to the minstrelsies, however sweet, of men, however gifted. He passes, like the true painter, from the admiration of copies, which he may admire to error and extravagance, to that great original which, without blame, excites an infinite and endless devotion. He becomes a personification of Art, standing on tip-toe in contemplation of mightier Nature, and drawing from her features with trembling pencil and a joyful awe. Macaulay has not this direct and personal communication with the truth and the glory of things. He sees the universe not in its own rich and divine radiance, but in the reflected light which poets have shed upon it. There are in his writings no oracular deliverances, no pregnant hints, no bits of intense meaning — broken, but broken off from some supernal circle of thought — no momentary splendors, like flashes of midnight lightning, revealing how much — no thoughts beckoning us away with silent finger, like ghosts, into dim and viewless regions — and he never even nears that divine darkness which ever edges the widest and loftiest excursions of imagination and of reason. His style and manner may be compared to crystal, but not to the "terrible crystal" of the prophets and apostles of literature. There is the sea of glass, but it is not mingled with fire, or at least the fire has not been heated seven times, nor has it descended from the seventh heaven.

Consequently, he has no power of origination. We despise the charge of plagiarism, in its low and base sense, which has sometimes been advanced against him. He never commits conscious theft, though sometimes he gives all a father's welcome to thoughts to which he has not a father's claim. But the rose which he appropriates is seldom more than worthy of the breast which it is to adorn; thus, in borrowing from Hall the antithesis applied by the one to the men of the French Revolution, and by the other to the restored Royalists in the time of Charles the Second, "dwarfish virtues and gigantic crimes," he has taken what he might have lent,

and, in its application, has changed it from a party calumny into a striking truth. The men of the Revolution were not men of dwarfish virtues and gigantic vices; both were stupendous when either were possessed: it was otherwise with the minions of Charles. When our hero lights his torch it is not at the chariot of the sun; he ascends seldom higher than Hazlitt or Hall; Coleridge, Schiller, and Goethe are untouched. But without re-arguing the question of originality, that quality is manifestly not his. It were as true that he originated Milton, Dryden, Bacon, or Byron, as that he originated the views which his articles develop of their lives or genius. A search after originality is never successful. Novelty is even shyer than truth, for if you search after the true, you will often, if not always, find the new; but if you search after the new, you will, in all probability, find neither the new nor the true. In seeking for paradoxes, Macaulay sometimes stumbles on, but more frequently stumbles over, truth. His essays are masterly treatises, written learnedly, carefully conned, and pronounced in a tone of perfect assurance; the Pythian pantings, the abrupt and stammering utterances of the seer, are wanting.

In connection with this defect, we find in him little metaphysical gift or tendency. There is no "speculation in his eye." If the mysterious regions of thought, which are at present attracting so many thinkers, have ever possessed any charm for him, that charm has long since passed away. If the "weight, the burden and the mystery, of all this unintelligible world," have ever pressed him to anguish, that anguish seems now forgotten as a nightmare of his youth. The serpents which strangle other Laocoons, or else keep them battling all their life before high heaven, have long ago left, if indeed they had ever approached him. His joys and sorrows, sympathies and inquiries, are entirely of the "earth, earthy," though it is an earth beautified by the smile of genius, and by the midnight Sun of the Past. It may appear presumptuous to criticise his creed, where not an article has been by himself indicated, except perhaps the poetical first principle that, "Beauty is truth and truth beauty:" but we see about him neither the firm grasp of one who holds a dogmatic certainty, nor the vast and vacant stretch of one who has failed after much effort to find the object, and who says, "I clasp — what is it that I clasp?" Towards the silent and twilight lands of thought, where reside, half in glimmer and half in gloom, the dread questions of the origin of evil, the destiny of man, our relation to the lower animals, and to the spirit world, he never seems to have been powerfully or for any length of time impelled. We might ask with much

in any other attitude but that of prostration? or dare we hope for sympathy, while we proceed to make him the subject of free and fearless criticism?

Before proceeding to consider his separate claims upon public admiration, we will sum up, in a few sentences, our impressions of his general character. He is a gifted but not, in a high sense, a great man. He is a rhetorician without being an orator. He is endowed with great powers of perception and acquisition, but with no power of origination. He has deep sympathies with genius, without possessing genius of the highest order itself. He is strong and broad, but not subtle or profound. He is not more destitute of original genius than he is of high principle and purpose. He has all common faculties developed in a large measure, and cultivated to an intense degree. What he wants is the gift that cannot be given — the power that cannot be counterfeited — the wind that bloweth where it listeth — the vision, the joy, and the sorrow with which no stranger intermeddeth — the "light which never was on sea or shore — the consecration and the poet's dream."

To such gifts, indeed, he does not pretend, and never has pretended. To roll the raptures of poetry, without emulating its *speciosa miracula* — to write worthily of heroes, without aspiring to the heroic — to write history without enacting it — to furnish to the utmost degree his own mind, without leading the minds of others one point further than to the admiration of himself and of his idols, seems, after all, to have been the main object of his ambition, and has already been nearly satisfied. He has played the finite game of talent, and not the infinite game of genius. His goal has been the top of the mountain, and not the blue profound beyond; and on the point he has sought he may speedily be seen, relieved against the heights which he cannot reach — a marble fixture, exalted and motionless. Talent stretching itself out to attain the attitudes and exaltation of genius is a pitiable and painful position, but it is not that of Macaulay. With piercing sagacity he has, from the first, discerned his proper intellectual powers, and sought, with his whole heart, and soul, and mind, and strength, to cultivate them. "Macaulay the Lucky" he has been called; he ought rather to have been called Macaulay the Wise.

With a rare combination of the arts of age and the fire of youth, the sagacity of the worldling and the enthusiasm of the scholar, he has sought self-development as his principal, if not only end.

He is a gifted but not, in a high sense, a great man. He possesses all those ornaments, accom-

plishments, and even natural endowments, which the great man requires for the full emphasis and effect of his power, (and which the *greatest* alone can entirely dispense with;) but the power does not fill, possess, and shake the drapery. The lamps are lit in gorgeous effulgence; the shrine is modestly, yet magnificently, adorned; there is every thing to tempt a god to descend; but the god descends not — or if he does, it is only Maia's son, the Eloquent, and not Jupiter, the Thunderer. The distinction between the merely gifted and the great is, we think, this — the gifted adore greatness and the great; the great worship the infinite, the eternal, and the god-like. The gifted gaze at the moon-like reflections of the Divine — the great, with open face, look at its naked sun, and each look is the principle and prophecy of an action.

He has profound sympathies with genius, without possessing genius of the highest order itself. Genius, indeed, is his intellectual god. It is (contrary to a common opinion) not genius that Thomas Carlyle worships. The word genius he seldom uses, in writing or in conversation, except in derision. We can conceive a savage cachinnation at the question, if he thought Cromwell or Danton a great genius. It is energy in a certain state of powerful precipitation that he so much admires. With genius, as existing almost undiluted in the person of such men as Keats, he cannot away. It seems to him only a long swoon or St. Vitus' dance. It is otherwise with Macaulay. If we trace him throughout all his writings, we will find him watching for genius with as much care and fondness as a lover uses in following the footsteps of his mistress. This, like a golden ray, has conducted him across all the wastes and wildernesses of history. It has brightened to his eye each musty page and worm-eaten volume. Each morning has he risen exulting to renew the search; and he is never half so eloquent as when dwelling on the achievements of genius, as sincerely and rapturously as if he were reciting his own. His sympathies are as wide as they are seen. Genius, whether thundering with Chatham in the House of Lords, or mending kettles and dreaming dreams with Bunyan in Elstowe — whether reclining in the saloons of Holland House with de Stael and Byron, or driven from men as on a new Nebuchadnezzar whirlwind, in the person of poor wandering Shelly — whether in Coleridge,

"With soul as strong as a mountain river,
Pouring out praise to the Almighty giver;"

or in Voltaire shedding its withering smile across the universe, like the grin of death — whether singing in Milton's verse, or glittering upon Cromwell's sword, — is the only magnet which

more propriety at him the question which a reviewer asked at Carlyle, "Can you tell us, quite in confidence, your private opinion as to the place where wicked people go?" And, besides, what think you of God? or of that most profound and awful Mystery of Godliness? Have you ever thought deeply on such subjects at all? Or if so, why does the language of a cold conventionalism, or of an unmeaning fervor, distinguish all your allusions to them? It was not, indeed, your business to write on such themes, but it requires no more a wizard to determine from your writings whether you have adequately *thought* on them, than to tell from a man's eye whether he is or is not looking at the sun.

We charge Macaulay, as well as Dickens, with a systematic shrinking from meeting in a manful style those dread topics and relations at which we have hinted, and this, whether it springs, as Humboldt says in his own case, from a want of subjective understanding, or whether it springs from a regard for, or fear of popular opinion, or whether it springs from moral indifference, argues, on the first supposition, a deep mental deficiency, on the second, a cowardice unworthy of their position, or on the third, a state of spirit which the age, in its professed teachers, will not much longer endure. An earnest period, bent on basing its future progress upon fixed principles, fairly and irrevocably set down, to solve the problem of its happiness and destiny, will not long refrain from bestowing the name of brilliant trifler on the man, however gifted and favored, who so slenderly sympathizes with it, in this high though late and difficult calling.

It follows almost as a necessity from these remarks, that Macaulay exhibits no high purpose. Seldom so much energy and eloquence have been more entirely divorced from a great uniting and consecrating object; and in his forthcoming history we fear that this deficiency will be glaringly manifest. History without the presence of high purpose, is but a series of dissolving views — as brilliant it may be, but as disconnected, and not so impressive. It is this, on the contrary, that gives so profound an interest to the writings of Arnold, and invests his very fragments with a certain air of greatness; each sentence seems given in on oath. It is this which glorifies even D'Aubigne's Romance of the Reformation, for he *seeks* at least to show God in history, like a golden thread, pervading, uniting, explaining, and purifying it all. No such passion for truth as Arnold's, no such steady vision of those great out-shining laws of justice, mercy, and retribution, which pervade all human story, as D'Aubigne's and in a far higher degree as Carlyle's, do we expect realized in Macaulay. His history, in all likelihood, will be the splendid

cenotaph of his party. It will be brilliant in parts, tedious as a whole — curiously and minutely learned — written now with elaborate pomp, and now with elaborate negligence — heated by party spirit whenever the fires of enthusiasm begin to pale — it will abound in striking literary and personal sketches, and will easily rise to and above the level of the scenes it describes, just because few of those scenes, from the character of the period, are of the highest moral interest or grandeur. But a history forming a transcript, as if in the short-hand of a superior being, of the leading events of the age, solemn in spirit, subdued in tone, grave and testamentary in language, profound in insight, judicial in impartiality, and final as a Median law in effect, we might have perhaps expected from Mackintosh, but not from Macaulay.

"Broader and deeper," says Emerson, "must we write our annals." The true idea of history is only as yet dawning on the world; the old almanac form of history has been generally renounced, but much of the old almanac spirit remains. The avowed partisan still presumes to write his special pleading, and to call it a history. The romance writer still decorates his fancy-piece, and, for fear of mistake, writes under it, "This is a history." The bald retailer of the dry bones of history is not yet entirely banished from our literature — nor is the hardy, but one-sided Iconoclast, who has a quarrel with all established reputation, and would spring a mine against the sun if he could — nor is the sagacious philosophiste, who has access to the inner thoughts and motives of men who have been dead for centuries, and often imputes to deep deliberate purpose what was the result of momentary impulse, fresh and sudden as the breeze, who accurately sums up and ably reasons on all calculable principles, but omits the incalculable, such as inspiration and frenzy. We are waiting for the full avatar of the ideal historian, who to the intellectual qualities of clear sight, sagacity, picturesque power, and learning, shall add the far rarer qualities of a love for truth only equalled by a love for man — a belief in and sympathy with progress, thorough independence and impartiality, and an all-embracing charity — and after Macaulay's History of England has seen the light, may still be found waiting.

The real purpose of a writer is perhaps best concluded from the effect he produces on the minds of his readers. And what is the boon which Macaulay's writings do actually confer upon their millions of readers? Much information, doubtless — many ingenious views are given and developed, but the main effect is pleasure — either a lulling, soothing opiate, or a rousing and stimulating gratification. But what is their

mental or moral influence? What new and great truths do they throw like bomb-shells into nascent spirits, disturbing for ever their repose? What sense of the moral sublime have they ever infused into the imagination, or what thrilling and strange joy "beyond the name of pleasure" have they ever circulated through the heart? What long, deep trains of thought have his thoughts ever started, and to what melodies in other minds have his words struck the key-note? Some authors mentally "beget children—they travail in birth with children;" thus from Coleridge sprang Hazlitt, but who is Macaulay's eldest born? Who dates any great era in his history from the reading of his works, or has received from him even the bright edge of any Apocalyptic revelation? Pleasure, we repeat, is the principal boon he has conferred on the age; and without under-estimating this (which, indeed, were ungrateful, for none have derived more pleasure from him than ourselves), we must say that it is comparatively a trivial gift—a fruiterer's or a confectioner's office—and, moreover, that the pleasure he gives, like that arising from the use of wine, or from the practice of novel-reading, requires to be imbibed in great moderation, and needs a robust constitution to bear it. Reading his papers is employment but too delicious—the mind is too seldom irritated and provoked—the higher faculties are too seldom appealed to—the sense of the infinite is never given—there is perpetual excitement, but it is that of a game of tennis-ball, and not the Titanic play of rocks and mountains—there is constant exercise, but it is rather the swing of an easy chair than the grasp and tug of a strong rower striving to keep time with one stronger than himself. Ought we ask a grave and solid reputation, as extensive as that of Shakspeare or Milton, to be entirely founded on what is essentially a course of light reading?

We do not venture on his merits as a politician or statesman. But, as a speaker, we humbly think he has been over-rated. He is not a sublime orator, who fulminates, and fiercely, and almost contemptuously, sways his audience; he is not a subtle declaimer, who winds around and within the sympathies of his hearers, till, like the damsel in the 'Castle of Indolence,' they weaken as they warm, and are at last sighingly but luxuriously lost. He is not a being piercing a lonely way for his own mind, through the thick of his audience—wondered at, looked after, but not followed—dwelling apart from them even while rivetting them to his lips—still less is he an incarnation of moral dignity, whose slightest sentence is true to the inmost soul of honor, and whose plain, blunt speech is as much better than oratory, as oratory

is better than rhetoric. He is the primed mouth-piece of an elaborate discharge, who presents, applies the linstock, and fires off. He speaks rather before than to his audience. We felt this strongly when hearing him at the opening of the New Philosophical Institution in Edinburgh; that appearance had on us the effect of disenchantment; our lofty ideal of Macaulay the orator—an ideal founded on the perusal of all sorts of fulsome panegyrics—sank like a dream. Macaulay the orator? Why had they not raved as well of Macaulay the beauty? He is, indeed, a master of rhetorical display; he aspires to be a philosopher; he is a brilliant *litterateur*; but, besides not speaking oratorically, he does not speak at all, if speaking means free communication with the souls and hearts of his hearers. If Demosthenes, Fox, and O'Connell were orators, he is none. It was not merely that we were disappointed with his personal appearance—that is sturdy and manlike, if not graceful—it is, besides, hereditary, and cannot be helped; but the speech was an elaborate and ungraceful accommodation to the presumed prejudices and tastes of the hearers—a piece of literary electioneering—and the manner, in its fluent monotony, showed a heart untouched amid all the palaver. Here is one, we thought, whose very tones prove that his success has been far too easy and exulting, and who has never known by experience the meaning of the grand old words, "perfect through suffering." Here is one in public sight selling his birthright for a mess of pottage and worthless praise, and who may live bitterly to rue the senseless bargain, for that applause is as certainly insincere as that birthright is high. Here is one who, ingloriously sinking with compulsion and laborious flight, consciously confounds culture with mere knowledge—speaking as if a boarding-school Miss, who had read Ewing's Geography, were therein superior to Strabo. There, Thomas Macaulay, we thought, thou art contradicting thy former and better self, for we well remember thee speaking in an article with withering contempt of those who prefer to that "fine old geography of Strabo" the pompous inanities of Pinkerton. And dost thou deem thyself, all accomplished as thou art, nearer to the infinite mind than Pythagoras or Plato, because thou knowest more? And when he spoke again extempore, he sounded a still lower deep, and we began almost to fancy that there must be some natural deficiency in a mind so intensely cultivated, which could not shake as good, or better speeches, than even his first, "out of his sleeve." But the other proceedings and harangues of that evening were not certainly fitted to eclipse his brightness, though they *were* calculated, in

the opinion of many, to drive the truly eloquent to the woods, to find in the old trees a more congenial audience.

The House of Commons, we are told, hushes to hear him, but this may arise from other reasons than the mere power of his eloquence. He has a name, and there is far too much even in Parliament of that base parasitical element, which, while denying ordinary courtesy to the untried, has its knee delicately hinged to bend in supple homage to the acknowledged. He avoids, again, the utterance of all extreme opinions — never startles or offends — never shoots abroad forked flashes of truth; and besides, his speaking is, in its way, a very peculiar treat. Like his articles, it generally gives pleasure; and who can deny themselves an opportunity of being pleased, any more than a dish of strawberries and cream in summer time. Therefore, the House was silent — its perpetual undersong subsided — even Roebuck's bristles were wont to lower, and Joseph Hume's careful front to relax — when the right honorable member for Edinburgh was on his legs. But *he* is, in our idea, the orator who fronts the storm and crushes it into silence — who snatches the prejudice from three hundred frowning foreheads and binds it as a crown unto him — and who, not on some other and less difficult arena, but on that very field, wins the laurels which he is to wear. Those are the eloquent sentences which, though hardly heard above the tempest of opposition, yet are heard — and felt as well as heard — and obeyed as well as felt, which bespeak the surges at their loudest, and immediately there is a great calm.

We are compelled, therefore, as our last general remark on Macaulay, to call him rather a large and broad, than a subtle, sincere, or profound spirit. A simple child of Nature, trembling before the air played by some invisible musician behind him, what picture could be more exactly his antithesis? But neither has he, in any high degree, either the gift of philosophic analysis, or the subtle idealizing power of the poet. Clear, direct, uncircumspect thought — vivid vision of the characters he describes — an eye to see, rather than an imagination to combine — strong, but subdued enthusiasm — learning of a wide range, and information still more wonderful in its minuteness and accuracy — a style limited and circumscribed by mannerism, but having all power and richness possible within its own range — full of force, though void of freedom — and a tone of conscious mastery, in his treatment of every subject, are some of the qualities which build him up — a strong and thoroughly furnished man, fit surely for more massive deeds than either a series of

sparkling essays, or what shall probably be a one-sided history.

In passing from his general characteristics to his particular works, there is one circumstance in favor of the critic. While many authors are much, their writings are little known; but if ever any writings were published, it is Macaulay's. A glare of publicity, as wide almost as the sunshine of the globe, rests upon them; and it is always easier to speak to men of what they know perfectly, than of what they know in part. To this there is perhaps an exception in his contributions to 'Knight's Quarterly Magazine.' That periodical, some of our readers may be aware, was of limited circulation, and limited life. "It sparkled, was exhaled, and went to —;" yet Professor Wilson has been known to say, that its four or five volumes are equal in talent to any four or five in the compass of periodical literature. To this opinion we must respectfully demur — at least we found the reading of two or three of them rather a hard task, the sole relief being in the papers of Macaulay, and would be disposed to prefer an equal number of 'Blackwood,' 'Tait,' or the 'Old London Magazine.'

Macaulay's best contributions to this are a series of poems, entitled, 'Lays of the Round-heads.' These, though less known than his 'Lays of the League,' which also appeared in 'Knight,' are, we think, superior. They are fine anticipations of the 'Lays of Ancient Rome.' Like Scott, vaulting between Claverhouse and Burley, and entering with equal gusto into the souls of both, Macaulay sings with equal spirit the song of the enthusiastic Cavalier and that of the stern Roundhead. He could have acted as poet-laureate to Hannibal as well as to the republic, and his 'Lays of Carthage' would have been as sweet, as strong, and more pathetic than his 'Lays of Rome.' "How happy could he be with either, were t' other dear charmer away." Not thus could Carlyle pass from his 'Life of Cromwell' to a panegyric on the 'Man of Blood,' whose eyes

"Could bear to look on torture, but durst not look on war."

But Macaulay is the artist, sympathizing more with the poetry than with the principles of the great Puritanic contest.

His Roman Lays, though of a later date, fall naturally under the same category of consideration. These, when published, took the majority of the public by surprise, who were nearly as astonished at this late flowering of poetry, in the celebrated critic, as were the Edinburgh people, more recently, at the portentous tidings that Patrick Robertson, also, was among the poets.

The initiated, however, acquainted with his previous effusions, hailed the phenomenon (not as in Patrick's case, with shouts of spurning laughter,) but with bursts of applause, which the general voice more than confirmed. The day when the Lays appeared, though deep in autumn, seemed a belated dog-day, so frantic did their admirers become. Homer, Scott, Wordsworth, and Byron, were now to hide their diminished heads, for an old friend under a new face had arisen to eclipse them all. And, for martial spirit, we are free to confess the Lays have never been surpassed, save by Homer, Scott, and by Burns, whose one epithet "red wat shod," whose one description of the dying Scotch soldier in the 'Earnest Cry,' and whose one song, "Go fetch for me a pint of wine," are enough to stamp him among the foremost of martial poets. Macaulay's ballads sound in parts like the thongs of Bellona. Written, it is said, in the war office, the Genius of Battle might be figured bending over the author, sternly smiling on her *last* poet, and shedding from her wings a ruddy light upon his rapidly and furiously-filling page. But the poetry of war is not of the highest order. Seldom, except when the war is ennobled by some great cause, as when Deborah uttered her unequalled thanksgiving, can the touch of the sword extract the richest life's blood of poetry. Selfish is the exultation over victory, selfish the wailing under defeat. The song of the sword must soon give place to the song of the bell; and the pastoral ditty pronounced over the reaping-hook shall surpass all lyrical baptisms of the spear. As it is, the gulph between the Lays—amazingly spirited though they be—and intellectual, imaginative, or moral poetry, is nearly as wide as between Chevy Chase and Laodamia. Besides, the Lays are in a great measure centos; the images are no more original than the facts, and the poetic effect is produced through the singular rapidity, energy, and felicity of the narration, and the breathless rush of the verse, "which rings to boot and saddle." One of the finest touches, for example, is imitated from Scott.

"The kites know well the long stern swell
That bids the Romans close"—

Macaulay has it. In the *Lady of the Lake* it is:—

"The exulting eagle screamed afar,
She knew the voice of Alpine's war."

Indeed, no part of the Lays rises higher than the better passages of Scott. As a whole, they are more imitative and less rich in figure and language than his poetry; and we have been unable to discover any powers revealed in them

which his prose works had not previously and amply disclosed. In fact, their excessive popularity arose in a great measure from the new attitude in which they presented their writer. Long accustomed to speak to the public, he suddenly volunteered to sing, and his song was harmonious, and between gratitude and surprise was vehemently encored. It was as if Helen Faucit were to commence to lecture, and should lecture well; or as though Douglas Jerrold were to announce a volume of sermons, and the sermons turn out to be excellent. This, after all, would only prove versatility of talent; it would not enlarge our conception of the real calibre of their powers. Nay, we hesitate not to assert, that certain passages of Macaulay's prose rise higher than the finest raptures of his poetry, and that the term Eloquence will measure the loftiest reaches of either.

This brings us to say a few words on his contributions to the 'Edinburgh Review.' We confess, that had we been called on while new from reading those productions, our verdict on them would have been much more enthusiastic. Their immediate effect is absolutely intoxicating. Each reads like a new *Waverley* tale. "More—give us more—it is divine!" we cry, like the Cyclops when he tasted of the wine of Outis. As Pitt adjourned the court after Sheridan's Begum speech, so, in order to judge fairly, we are compelled to adjourn the criticism. Days even have to elapse ere the stern question begins slowly, through the golden mist, to lift up its head—"What have you gained? Have you only risen from a more refined 'Noctes Ambrosianæ?' Have you only been conversing with an elegant artist? or has a prophet been detaining you in his terrible grasp? or has Apollo been touching your trembling ears?" As we answer, we almost blush, remembering our tame and sweet subjection; and yet the moment that the enchantment again assails us, it again is certain to prevail.

But what is the explanation of this power? Is it altogether magical, or does it admit of analysis? Macaulay's writings have one very peculiar and very popular quality. They are eminently clear. They can by no possibility, at any time, be nebulous. You can read them as you run. Schoolboys devour them with as much zest as bearded men. This clearness is, we think, connected with deficiency in his speculative and imaginative faculties; but it does not so appear to the majority of readers. Walking in an even and distinct pathway, not one stumbling stone or alley of gloom in its whole course, no Hill of Difficulty arising, nor Path of Danger diverging, greeted, too, by endless vistas of interest and beauty, all are but too glad, and too grateful, to

get so trippingly along. Vanity, also, whispers to the more ambitious: What we can so easily understand we could easily equal; and thus are the readers kept on happy terms both with the author and themselves. His writings have all the stimulus of oracular decision, without one particle of oracular darkness. His papers, too, are thickly studded with facts. This itself, in an age like ours, is enough to recommend them, especially when these facts are so carefully selected — when told now with emphasis so striking, and now with negligence so graceful; and when suspended around a theory at once dazzling and slight — at once paradoxical and pleasing. The reader, beguiled, believes himself reading something more agreeable than history, and more veracious than fiction. It is a very waltz of facts that he witnesses; and yet how consoling to reflect that they are facts after all! Again, Macaulay, as we have repeatedly hinted, is given to paradoxes. But then these paradoxes are so harmless, so respectable, so well-behaved — his originalities are so orthodox — and his mode of expressing them is at once so strong and so measured — that people feel both the tickling sensation of novelty and a perfect sense of safety, and are slow to admit that the author, instead of being a bold, is a timorous thinker, one of the literary as well as political *justemilieu*. Again, his manner and style are thoroughly English. As his sympathies are, to a great degree, with English modes of thought and habits of action, so his language is a stream of English undefiled. All the territories which it has traversed have enriched, without coloring, its waters. Even the most valuable of German refinements — such as that common one of subjective and objective — are sternly shied. That philosophic diction which has been from Germany so generally transplanted, is denied admittance into Macaulay's grounds, exciting a shrewd suspicion that he does not often require it for philosophical purposes. Scarcely a phrase or word is introduced which Swift would not have sanctioned. In anxiety to avoid a barbarous and Mosaic diction, he goes to the other extreme, and practises purism and elaborate simplicity. Perhaps under a weightier burden, like Charon's skiff, such a style might break down; but as it is it floats on, and carries the reader with it, in all safety, rapidity, and ease. Again, this writer has — apart from his clearness, his bridled paradox, and his English style — a power of interesting his readers, which we may call, for want of a more definite term, tact. This art he has taught himself gradually; for in his earlier articles, such as that on "Milton," and the "Present Administration," there were a prodigality and a recklessness — a prodigality of image, and a reckless-

ness of statement — which argued an impulsive nature, not likely so soon to subside into a tactician. Long ago, however, has he *changé tout cela*. Now he can set his elaborate passages at proper distances from each other; he peppers his page more sparingly with the condiments of metaphor and image; he interposes anecdotes to break the blaze of his splendor; he consciously stands at ease, nay, condescends to nod, the better to prepare his reader, and breathe himself for a grand gallop; and though he has not the art to conceal his art, yet he has the skill always to fix his reader — always to write, as he himself says of Horace Walpole, "what every body will like to read." Still further, and finally, he has a quality different from and superior to all these — he has genuine literary enthusiasm, which public life has not yet been able to chill. He is not an inspired child, but he is still an ardent schoolboy, and what many count and call his literary vice we count his literary salvation. It is this unfeigned love of letters and genius which (dexterously managed, indeed) is the animating and inspiring element of Macaulay's better criticisms, and the redeeming point in his worse. It is a love which many waters have been unable to destroy, and which shall burn till death. When he retires from public life, like Lord Grenville, he may say, "I return to Plato and the Iliad."

We must be permitted, ere we close, a few remarks on some of his leading papers. Milton was his "Reuben — his first-born — the beginning of his strength;" and thought by many "the excellency of dignity, and the excellency of power." It was gorgeous as an eastern tale. He threw such a glare about Milton, that at times you could not see him. The article came clashing down on the floor of our literature like a gauntlet of defiance, and all wondered what young Titan could have launched it. Many inquired, "Starting at such a rate, whither is he likely to go?" Meanwhile the wiser, while admiring, quietly smiled, and whispered in reply, "At such a rate no man can or ought to advance." Meanwhile, too, a tribute to Milton from across the waters, less brilliant, but springing from a more complete and mellow sympathy with him, though at first overpowered, began steadily and slowly to gain the superior suffrage of the age, and from that pride of place has not yet receded. On the contrary, Macaulay's paper he himself now treats as the brilliant bastard of his mind. Of such *splendida vitia* he need not be ashamed. We linger as we remember the wild delight with which we first read his picture of the Puritans, ere it was hackneyed by quotation, and ere we thought it a rhetorical bravura. How burning his print of Dante! The best

frontispiece to this paper on Milton would be the figure of Robert Hall, at the age of sixty, lying on his back, and learning Italian, in order to verify Macaulay's description of the "Man that had been in hell."

In what a different light does the review of Croker's Boswell exhibit our author? He sets out like Shenstone, by saying "I will, I will be witty;" and like him, the will and the power are equal. Macaulay's wit is always sarcasm — sarcasm embittered by indignation, and yet performing its minute dissections with judicial gravity. Here he catches his Rhadamanthus of the Shades, in the upper air of literature, and his vengeance is more ferocious than his wont. He first flays, then kills, then tramples, and then hangs his victim in chains. It is the onset of one whose time is short, and who expects reprisals in another region. Nor will his sarcastic vein, once awakened against Croker, sleep till it has scorched poor Bozzy to ashes, and even singed the awful wig of Johnson. We cannot comprehend Macaulay's fury at Boswell, whom he crushes with a most disproportionate expenditure of power and anger. Nor can we coincide with his eloquent enforcement of the opinion, first propounded by Burke, then seconded by Mackintosh, and which seems to have become general, that Johnson is greater in Boswell's book than in his own works. To this we demur. Boswell's book gives us little idea of Johnson's eloquence, or power of grappling with higher subjects — 'Rassellas' and the 'Lives of the Poets' do. Boswell's book does justice to Johnson's wit, readiness, and fertility; but if we would see the full force of his fancy, the full energy of his invective, and his full sensibility to, and command over, the moral sublime, we must consult such papers in the 'Idler' as that wonderful one on the Vultures, or in the 'Rambler,' as Anningait and Ajut, his London, and his Vanity of Human Wishes. Boswell, we venture to assert, has not saved one great sentence of his idol — such as we may find profusely scattered in his own writings — nor has recorded fully any of those conversations, in which, pitted against Parr or Burke, he talked his best. If Macaulay merely means that Boswell, through what he has preserved, and through his own unceasing admiration, gives us a higher conception of Johnson's every-day powers of mind than his writings supply, he is right; but in expressly claiming the immortality for the "careless table-talk," which he denies to the works, and forgetting that the works discover higher faculties in special display, we deem him mistaken.

In attacking Johnson's style, Macaulay is, unconsciously, a suicide — not that his style is

modelled upon Johnson's, or that he abounds in *sesqui-pedalia verba* — he has never needed large or new words, either to cloak up mere commonplace, or to express absolute originality — but many of the faults he charges against Johnson belong to himself. Uniformity of march — want of flexibility and ease — consequent difficulty in adapting itself to common subjects — perpetual and artfully balanced antithesis, were, at any rate, once peculiarities of Macaulay's writing, as well as of Johnson's, nor are they yet entirely relinquished. After all, such faults are only the awkward steps of the elephant, which only the monkey can deride. Or we may compare them to the unwieldy, but sublime, movements of a giant telescope, which turns slowly and solemnly, as if in time and tune with the stately steps of majesty with which the great objects it contemplates are revolving.

The article on Byron, for light and sparkling brilliance, is Macaulay's finest paper. Perhaps it is not sufficiently grave or profound for the subject. There are, we think, but two modes of properly writing about Byron — the one is the Monody, the other the Impeachment: this paper is neither. Mere criticism over such dread dust is impertinent; mere panegyric impossible. Either with condemnation melting down in irrepressible tears, or with tears drying up in strong censure, should we approach the memory of Byron, if, indeed, eternal silence were not better still.

Over one little paper we are apt to pause with a peculiar fondness — the paper on Bunyan. As no one has greater sympathy with the spirit of the Puritans without having any with their peculiar sentiments, than Carlyle, so no one sympathizes more with the literature of that period, without much else in common (unless we except Southey), as Macaulay. The 'Pilgrim's Progress' is to him, as to many, almost a craze. He cannot speak calmly about it. It continues to shine in the purple light of youth; and, amid all the paths he has traversed, he has never forgotten that immortal path which Bunyan's genius has so boldly mapped out, so variously peopled, and so richly adorned. How can it be forgotten since it is at once the miniature of the entire world, and a type of the progress of every earnest soul? The City of Destruction, the Slough of Despond, the Delectable Mountains, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, Beulah, and the Black River, are still extant, unchangeable realities, as long as man continues to be tried and to triumph. But it is less in this typical aspect than as an interesting tale that Macaulay seems to admire it. Were we to look at it in this light alone, we should vastly prefer 'Turpin's Ride to York,' or 'Tam O' Shanter's Prog-

ress to Alloway Kirk.' But as an unconscious mythic history of man's moral and spiritual advance, its immortality is secure, though its merits are as yet in this point little appreciated. Bunyan, indeed, knew not what he did; but then he spake inspired; his deep heart prompted him to say that to which all deep hearts in all ages should respond; and we may confidently predict that never shall that road be shut up or deserted. As soon stop the current or change the course of the black and bridgeless river.

We might have dwelt, partly in praise and partly in blame, on some of his other articles—might, for instance, have combatted his slump and summary condemnation, in 'Dryden,' of Ossian's poems—poems which, striking, as they did, all Europe to the soul, must have had some merit, and which, laid for years to the burning heart of Napoleon, must have had some corresponding fire. That, said Coleridge, of Thomson's 'Seasons,' lying on the cottage window-sill, is true fame; but was there no true fame in the fact that Napoleon, as he bridged the Alps, and made at Lodi impossibility itself the slave of his genius, had these poems in his travelling carriage? Could the chosen companion of such a soul, in such moments, be altogether false and worthless? Ossian's Poems we regard as a ruder 'Robbers'—a real though clouded voice of poetry, rising in a low age, prophesying and preparing the way for the miracles which followed; and we doubt if Macaulay himself has ever equalled some of the nobler flights of Macpherson. We may search his writings long ere we find any thing so sublime, though we may find many passages equally ambitious, as the Address to the Sun.

He closes his collected articles with his Warren Hastings, as with a grand finale. This we read with the more interest, as we fancy it a chapter extracted from his forthcoming history. As such it justifies our criticism by anticipation. Its personal and literary sketches are unequalled, garnished as they are with select scandal, and surrounded with all the accompaniments of dramatic art. Hastings' trial is a picture to which that of Lord Erskine, highly wrought though it be, is vague and forced, and which, in its thick and cruded magnificence, reminds you of the descriptions of Tacitus, or (singular connection!) of the paintings of Hogarth. As in Hogarth, the variety of figures and circumstances is prodigious, and each and all bear upon the main object, to which they point like fingers; so from every face, figure, aspect, and attitude, in the crowded hall of Westminster, light rushes on the brow of Hastings, who seems a fallen god in the centre of the god-like radiance. Even Fox's "sword" becomes significant, and seems

to thirst for the pro-consul's destruction. But Macaulay, though equal to descriptions of men in all difficult and even sublime postures, never describes scenery well. His landscapes are too artificial and elaborate. When, for example, he paints Paradise in Byron or Pandemonium in Dryden, it is by parts and parcels, and you see him pausing and rubbing his brows between each lovely or each terrible item. The scene reluctantly comes, or rather is pulled into view, in slow and painful series. It does not rush over his eye, and require to be detained in its giddy passage. Hence his picture of India in Hastings is an admirable picture of an Indian village, but not of India, the country. You have the "old oaks"—the graceful maiden with the pitcher on her head—the courier shaking his bunch of iron rings to scare away the hyenas—but where are the eternal bloom, the immemorial temples, the vast blood-spangled mists of superstition, idolatry, and caste, which brood over the sweltering land—the Scotlands of jungle, lighted up by the eyes of tigers as with infernal stars—the Ganges, the lazy deity of the land, creeping down reluctantly to the sea—the heat, encompassing the country like a sullen, sleepy hell—the swift steps of tropical Death, heard amid the sulphury silence—the ancient monumental look proclaiming that all things here continue as they were from the foundation of the world, or seen in the hazy distance as the girdle of the land—the highest peaks of earth soaring up toward the sun, Sirius, the throne of God? Macaulay too much separates the material from the moral aspects of the scene, instead of blending them together as exponents of the one great fact, India.

But we must stop. Ere closing, however, we are tempted to add, as preachers do, a solid inference or two from our previous remarks. First, we think we can indicate the field on which Mr. Macaulay is likely yet to gain his truest and permanent fame. It is in writing the *Literary History* of his country. Such a work is still a desideratum; and no living writer is so well qualified by his learning and peculiar gifts—by his powers and prejudices—by his strength and his weakness, to supply it. In this he is far more assured of success than in any political or philosophical history. With what confidence and delight would the public follow his guidance, from the times of Chaucer to those of Cowper, when our literature ceased to be entirely natural, and even a stage or two further! Of such a "progress" we proclaim him worthy to be the Great-heart! Secondly, we infer from a retrospect of his whole career, the evils of a too easy and a too early success. It is by an early Achillean baptism alone that men can secure Achillean invulnerability, or confirm Achillean strength.

This was the redeeming point in Byron's history. Though a lord, he had to undergo a stern training, which indurated and strengthened him to a pitch, which all the after blandishments of society could not weaken. Society did not — in spite of our author — spoil him by its favor, though it infuriated him by its resentment. But he has been the favored and petted child of good fortune. There has been no "crook," till of late, either in his political or literary "lot." If he has not altogether inherited, he has approached the verge of the curse, "Woe to you, when all men shall speak well of you." No storms have unbared his mind to its depths. It has been his uniformly to —

"Pursue the triumph and partake the gale."

Better all this for his own peace than for his power, or for the permanent effect of his writings.

Let us congratulate him, finally, on his temporary defeat. A few more such victories as he had formerly gained, and he had been undone. A few more such defeats; and if he be, as we believe, essentially a man, he may yet, in the "strength of the lonely," in the consciousness and terrible self-satisfaction of those who deem themselves injuriously assailed, perform such deeds of derring-do as shall abash his adversaries and astonish even himself. — *Tait's Magazine*.

FROM PARIS TO CADIZ.

De Paris à Cadix, par Alexandre Dumas. Vols 1, 2. J. P. Meline, Bruxelles; Meline, Cans & Co., Leipsig. 1847.

M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS, that awful man, whose literary fertility, as all the world knows, has in it something astounding, preternatural; whose most ordinary feats are only to be paralleled by those of his renowned countryman, Mons. Philippe, the magician, when from a small hand-basket he produces bouquets enough to fill Convent Garden Market; and whose performances can only be explained by the supposition of diabolical assistance; — this new Alexander the Great, in these two small volumes, presents to an admiring world — not, as they might perhaps imagine, any account of the regions lying between Paris and Cadiz, or the dwellers therein — but what must be far more welcome, a series of studies of himself in different attitudes, with now and then a few features of local scenery or manners varying the back-grounds. If we might be permitted a suggestion, however, we should say that it would have been better to put more prominently forward in the title-page the chief attraction of the work, and call it, in the second, or fifty-second edition, 'Mons. Alexandre Dumas de Paris à Cadix.'

The adventures are given in a series of letters addressed to a lady; but M. Dumas tells her, or, rather, the public, that he does not mean to play the modest, or pretend to have any doubt that his letters will be printed. Nothing is more common than the opposite declaration, that letters "now published, were never intended to meet the public eye" — were written for the amusement of the family circle, &c.; and whereas, in this latter case, we often perceive the

writer casting glances across the family group to the reviewers, and suspect that he has all along had some idea of the ultimate destination of his confidential epistles — in M. Dumas' case we might be tempted to the contrary supposition, and say that no man could write such letters under the idea of their meeting any other eye than those of an intimate friend. But then, to be sure, the whole reading public of Europe are M. Dumas' intimate friends, and before his mighty name all barriers fall down, and even the hearts of custom-house officers are melted within them. He adopts this epistolatory form, he says, because he found pleasure in throwing his thoughts into a new mould, "passing my style through a new crucible, and making glitter in a new setting the stones which I draw from the mine of my own mind, be they diamond or paste; to which Time, that uncorruptible lapidary, will one day affix their true worth." He will address himself then to Madame; but he does not disguise from himself that the public will make a third party in the conversation. "I have always remarked," he says, "that I had more wit and talent than usual, when I guessed there was some indiscreet listener standing with his ear to the keyhole." Undoubtedly he has. What actor can play well to empty benches? — and M. Dumas, we suspect, is seldom off the stage.

Having made our protest, however, we must confess it is not easy to remain out of humor with a man who is so delighted with himself, and who presents himself with such an airy grace and sparkling vivacity, and has the art of keeping us always amused; and perhaps there is some ingratitude in finding fault with the harmless effervescence of vanity, which certainly assists this effect.

We hasten, therefore, to present our readers with a specimen or two that may enable them to share in this amusement. The first shall relate to a subject which occupies a very important position in these pages — namely, gastronomy; and be it known to all men, that one of the great truths enunciated *en passant* by M. Dumas — one of the gems, we suppose, drawn from that mine he mentions, is this; all people of a fine organization are “*un peu gourmand*”; now, M. Dumas is, unquestionably, of a fine organization — *ergo*, &c. Spain, however, happens to be rather an awkward country for people of this refined caste to travel in — for every body knows that it is the most difficult thing in the world to get any thing to eat at a Spanish Inn. On the first morning after their arrival, the party of hungry travellers, who had been all night on the road, was asked whether they wished to breakfast, and on their replying with an eager affirmative, were told that in that case they must go and see where they could get any; and, after a variety of manœuvres, at last only succeeded in obtaining a small cup of chocolate each, with a little sweet cake that melted in a glass of water. This defeat, however, served to instruct them in their future plan of operations, and on a subsequent occasion, by bold and decisive measures, they obtained a signal victory over the host of the “*Posada de Calisto Burguillos*,” and marched triumphantly into a supper and a bed.

“We had been for half an hour following some lights scattered over the sides of the mountain, that seemed to fly before us like those wandering fires by which travellers are so often misled. At length we could distinguish the sound of a paved road beneath the tread of our mules, and this was accompanied by a jolting that left no sort of doubt. We soon distinguished at our right a pile of buildings, roofless and perfectly silent, without windows and without doors; presenting, not the picturesque aspect of the ruins made by time, but the saddening picture of a work left unfinished. We crossed a kind of square, turned to the right, got into a blind alley, our carriages stopped, we had arrived, and, alighting, we read by the light of our lanterns the words, ‘*Posada de Calisto Burguillos*.’ To our great surprise every body was still up at the posada, and we surmised that some great affair was in preparation. We were not mistaken; two coaches full of English had arrived three hours before us, and the people of the inn were getting their supper. ‘Ah, Madame! you who are a Frenchwoman — twice a Frenchwoman, for you are a Parisian — never go into a Spanish inn when they are getting an Englishman’s supper.’ This caution will serve to indicate that we were very coldly received by Don Calisto Burguillos, who declared he had no time to attend to either our suppers or our beds.

“Now there’s one thing that I cannot admit, and that is, when, with the purpose of attracting travellers, one has written over one’s door ‘*Posada de Calisto Burguillos*,’ one has any right to refuse admittance to travellers attracted by said inscription; I therefore contented myself with bowing politely to Master Burguillos, and then called to Giraud, ‘My dear friend,’ said I, ‘there are in the carriage five guns, including Desbarolle’s carbine, do you all arm yourselves with them, and then come and warm them in the chimney corner. If you are asked why you do that, say that you are afraid your guns will catch cold.’

“‘I understand,’ said Giraud, and went towards the door, making a sign to Alexandre, Maquet, Desbarolles, and Achard, to follow him. ‘Now, Boulanger,’ said I, ‘you who are a peaceable man, do you take with you Don Riego, and, with that minister of peace, set out on a voyage of discovery after four little rooms or two large ones.’

“‘Good,’ said Boulanger, and went out in his turn with Don Riego.

“Master Calisto Burguillos had followed with his eyes all these movements.

“‘There! they’re gone now,’ said he to his wife, ‘those *pugnateros* of Frenchmen.’ * *

“Don Calisto had not seen me, as I was hidden by the projecting corner of the chimney-piece. His wife made a sign to him that I was there, and he left his pots and pans, and came towards me.

“‘What are you doing there?’ he demanded.

“‘Looking for a gridiron.’

“‘What for?’

“‘To broil some chops.’

“‘Have you any chops?’

“‘No! But you have.’

“‘Where then?’

“‘There,’ and I pointed to a loin of mutton that was hanging in a corner of the chimney.

“‘Those chops are for the English, and not for you.’

“‘There you make a mistake; they are for us, and not for the English. You’ve just taken them up a dozen chops; that’s quite enough for them, these are our share.’

“‘Those are for their breakfast to-morrow.’

“‘No! they’re for our supper to-night.’

“‘You think so, do you?’

“‘I’m sure of it.’

“‘Oh! Oh!’

“At this moment entered Giraud, shouldering his gun, followed by Desbarolles, Maquet, Achard, and Alexandre, doing likewise.

“‘My dear friend,’ said I to Giraud, “this is Master Calisto Burguillos, who is so obliging as to let us have that loin of mutton. Give me your gun and ask him the price; pay generously, unhook it cleverly, and cut it up neatly.’

“‘Those three adverbs are very effective,’ observed Desbarolles, coming up to the fire.

“‘Not too near, my dear fellow,’ cried Achard, ‘you know those guns are loaded.’

“‘How much shall I give you for the loin of

mutton?' said Giraud, taking up the cleaver from the kitchen table.

"'Two duros,' replied the host, keeping one eye on the guns, and one on the loin of mutton.

"'Give him three, Giraud.'

"Giraud took the three duros out of his pocket, and in so doing let fall five or six onces.

"Signor Calisto Burguillos opened his eyes at the sight of the gold, which rolled along the kitchen floor. Giraud picked up his five or six onces, and gave the three duros to our host; he passed them to his wife, who appeared to me to occupy a very distinguished position in the house. Giraud took the mutton, cut it into chops with a skill that did honor to his anatomical knowledge, sprinkled them with just enough of salt and pepper, laid them delicately on the gridiron which I presented to him, and then deposited it over a level bed of bright, clear coals, artistically arranged by Achard. Immediately the first drops of fat began to hiss upon them.

"'Now, Desbarolles,' said I, 'offer your arm to Madame Calisto Burguillos, and beg that she will do you the favor to conduct you to the place where she keeps her potatoes; and if you should meet any eggs on your way, introduce a dozen or so into your pouch. As you go along, my good friend, don't forget to ask how her father is, and her mother, and the children; that will flatter her a little, and make you better acquainted.'

"Desbarolles approached the hostess in the most respectful manner, and, softened a little already by the contact of the duros, she deigned to accept the arm which he offered, and both disappeared by a door that seemed to lead down into the bowels of the earth. Boulanger and Don Riego at the same moment made their appearance at an opposite entrance; they had steered their course in a contrary direction, had encountered winds which had driven them along a corridor, at the end of which they had discovered a chamber capable of containing eight beds, and Boulanger, like a man of sense, had locked the door, and put the key in his pocket.

"The chops were broiling away famously. 'Now,' said I, 'a saucepan and fryingpan.'

"Achard immediately seized a fryingpan, and Giraud a saucepan. Monsieur Calisto Burguillos gazed at us, as if fairly stupefied; but he was only one against eight, and had but a ladle against five loaded guns. I think he had, at one time, half a mind to call the English to his assistance; but he was a well-informed man, this M. Calisto Burguillos, and he knew, that in the peninsular war, the Spaniards had always had more to suffer from their allies, the English, than from their enemies, the French; and he determined, therefore, to make no appeal to his guests.

"Desbarolles now returned, with his pouch full of eggs, and his pockets of potatoes.

"It was Achard's mission to break and beat the eggs, Giraud's to peel the potatoes. Desbarolles was to continue his attentions to Mad. Burguillos till the cloth was laid somewhere for

eight; and Desbarolles devoted himself heroically to the cause, and in a quarter of an hour returned with an 'Oh, dear! Gentlemen, the cloth is laid.' Ten minutes after, the omelet only wanted just a turn—the chops a moment more broiling, the potatoes a moment more boiling. At this moment, the kitchen of Don Calisto Burguillos presented a curious scene.

"First, there was your very humble servant, M. Alexandre Dumas, with a fan in each hand, keeping up the proper ventilation for the charcoal fire that was cooking the chops and the potatoes; Giraud was peeling a second edition of the potatoes, destined to succeed the first; Don Riego was pretending to read his breviary, but snuffing up the scent of the gridiron, and glancing out of the corner of his eye at the fryingpan; Maquet was holding the handle thereof; Achard was pounding pepper; Desbarolles was resting from his fatigues; Boulanger, chilled by his voyage in the high latitudes, was warming himself; Alexandre (the younger), faithful to his speciality, was taking a nap; finally, Master Calisto Burguillos, confounded at this French intervention, did not notice his wife, who was making signs to Desbarolles through the window, that there was something very important still wanting to the table. Fortunately, I was keeping watch for Master Calisto, and I sent Desbarolles to his duty. Ten minutes after, we were seated round a table, on which smoked a dozen chops, two pyramids of potatoes, and a gigantic omelet, and at our repeated shouts of laughter—enter Madame Burguillos, behind her the two or three Maritornes of the posada, and behind them, in deep shadow, the astonished faces of the English guests. I profited by the presence of Madame Burguillos, to slip the key of the sleeping-room into the hand of Desbarolles:—'Come, Mr. Interpreter,' said I, 'one more effort. Get up from the table, and go and see our beds made; we will keep your share of the supper, and on your return the company will vote you a crown of laurel, as Rome did to Cæsar.' In another hour we were all ranged symmetrically side by side on the ground like Tom Thumb and his seven brothers."

The second adventure which we shall present to our readers is of a different cast, and is somewhat suspiciously effective in the *feuilleton* style. We must premise that the party had been fairly beaten in another attempt to take a posada by storm; and compelled to make a hasty retreat. The landlord and landlady, and their friends, were busy dancing, and would have nothing to say to them. In vain did even M. Dumas exert his eloquence—in vain did another of the party place himself in a graceful attitude before the hostess—with an elbow leaning on the wall, and one leg crossed over the other, and begin a conversation with an elegant freedom and captivating politeness that seemed likely to be irresistible. The landlord fairly drove them out, and would not agree to let them have

so much as a glass of wine till he saw them seated in their carriage, and ready to start on the road to Aranjuez.

Behold, then, the discomfited party again *en route*, abandoning for this time all hopes of a supper and a bed. M. Dumas, his son, and one of his friends on mules, the rest in a curious vehicle which they had found it necessary to purchase.

"We set off, then, and behind us the carriage also began its march, lighted by a single lantern fixed in the middle of the imperial. By degrees the crescent moon arose, and threw a soft and charming light upon the landscape; a landscape, the immense extent of which rendered it almost terrible. At our right it was bounded by mountains, amidst which, from time to time, great lakes of sand glittered in the moonshine. To the left, it seemed quite boundless; it was impossible for the eye to sound the depths of the horizon; but at about a thousand paces from the road, a line of trees, and the deeper color of the vegetation, marked the course of the Tagus. From place to place a portion of the river was discovered, sending back to the moon, like a bright mirror, the rays received from it; before us, the long yellow road stretched out like a band of leather. From time to time our mules turned out of the straight path to leave to the right or the left some precipice, almost beneath our feet, left yawning since some forgotten earthquake. From time to time, also, we turned, and saw behind us at a distance of three hundred, four hundred, five hundred paces, the old coach tottering along, its wheels often buried in sand to one third of their depth, and its light shaking like a Will-o'-the-Wisp. Presently we climbed a little hill, and after that we completely lost sight of it."

They continued their course, gossiping away very gaily, and quite forgetting the old coach and its Cyclop eye of a light. At last, when for more than three quarters of an hour they had seen no glimpse of it, they thought it prudent to stop.

"The moon was marvellously bright; but not a sound was to be heard in these vast elevated plains, except perhaps the distant barking of a dog from some lonely farm. The mules, however, pricked up their ears as if they heard something which we did not. In another moment a vague sort of sound seemed to pass with the wind, like the echo of a human voice lost in immense space. 'What's that?' said I. Alexandre and Achard had heard something, but they knew not what. We remained silent and motionless, and in a few seconds the sound reached us again. It was like a cry of distress. We redoubled our attention. At length we heard distinctly a name pronounced by a voice that seemed approaching.

"'It is you—it is you they want,' said Achard. 'It is one of our friends,' said Alex-

andre. 'You will see,' said I, trying to laugh, 'that they have been stopped by six banditti, who have forbidden them to cry out; and that's why they're calling.'

"'It's certainly me that they're calling,' said I. 'Forward, gentlemen, in that direction!' We spurred our mules, but had scarcely gone ten yards, when the same cry reached us, and, this time, with an accent of distress that there was no mistaking. 'Something has happened, certainly,' said I. 'Allons!' and we galloped on, attempting also to shout in answer; but the wind was in our faces, and carried our voices back. The same cry was heard again, but now it had a panting, exhausted sound. A sort of shiver passed through our hearts. We tried again to reply; but we now perceived that it was to no purpose; it soon became evident that the person who had uttered those cries, was running towards us with all his might."

This person turned out to be one of the party in the rear—the painter Giraud; who had come to inform them of the coach having been completely overturned on the very edge of a precipice, having only escaped being thrown over it by the accidental projection of a rock, which stuck out "like a single tooth in a gigantic jaw." Nobody was much hurt, however; and to the inquiry of M. Dumas, as to how the accident happened, one of the sufferers replied:—

"'Oh! it was very soon done. We were jogging along, discoursing of feats of love and war, as M. Annibal de Coconnas says, when, all at once, we felt our coach lean to one side. 'I believe we're going to overturn,' said Boulanger. 'I believe we are overturning,' said Maquet; 'I believe we have overturned,' said Desbarolles; and, in fact, just at that moment the coach laid itself quietly over on its side; but then, all of a sudden, as if she had n't found herself comfortable in that position, she gave a shift, and turned us completely topsy-turvy, with our heads down and our feet in the air, kicking about among our guns and hunting-knives—Maquet at the bottom, I upon him, and Don Riego on me, larded between with Boulanger and Desbarolles.

"'Steady, gentlemen,' said Boulanger; 'I believe we are on the very brink of a precipice that I was just looking at when we went over. The quieter we keep ourselves, the better chance we have of not going down it.'

"'This advice was good, and we followed it; but Maquet observed, with his usual composure:

"'Do what you think best, gentlemen, only don't forget, if you please, that I am stifling, and, in five minutes, I shall be dead.'"

On reconnoitering the ground where the accident happened, it seemed rather probable that it had been not altogether accidental; and this suspicion was confirmed by seeing the mayoral snatch his lantern and extinguish it. This

extinction, however, threw, in the minds of the travellers, a sudden light on the affair.

"Maquet instantly left off scolding, but seized the mayoral by the collar, and dragged him towards the precipice.

"The mayoral thought his last hour was come; he resisted with all his might, but Maquet had a grasp of iron, and they were soon on the edge of the abyss. He turned ashy pale. 'If you want to kill me,' said he, 'do it at once;' and he shut his eyes. This humility saved him, and Maquet let him go.

"Now," said he, 'we must call Dumas, for this scene is not over yet. Who has the use of his legs and lungs enough to run after him and call out?' 'I have,' said Giraud, and he set off. You know the rest, Madame, or, rather, you do not know; for the rest was at that moment, coming over a little hill, clearly marked out against the horizon — this horizon was very near to us. 'See, see!' said I, 'a troop of men;' and I extended my hand in the direction of the new comers.

"Three, four, five, six, seven," counted Giraud; at this moment, the barrel of a carbine glanced brightly in the moonlight.

"Good! they are armed," said I; 'we're going to have some fun here. Your guns, gentlemen!' I spoke in a very low voice, but every one understood in a moment.

"Achard, who had no gun, snatched up a hunting-knife, and we then recollected that our guns were not loaded. The men were now not more than a hundred yards off; we could count them, they were seven. 'Gentlemen, we have three minutes,' said I; 'that is enough to load. Steady, let us load.'

"They were all gathered round me with exception of Alexandre, who was rummaging for something he wanted in his '*nécessaire de toilette*.' He had all things so complete that he could not find any thing.

"The men were but twenty paces off by the time we were ready. We cocked our guns; and at that slight sound, so well understood in these circumstances, and of which the signification is never doubtful, the men stopped.

"We were quite ready; three of us were sportsmen, and would certainly not have missed their men at this distance.

"Now, Monsieur, the sworn interpreter," said I to Desbarolles, 'do me the favor to ask these fine fellows what they want, and just insinuate that the first that moves is a dead man.'

"At this moment, whether innocently or not, the mayoral again let fall his lantern, which we had compelled him to relight. Desbarolles translated into Spanish the compliment I had addressed to our visitors. The translation was made in a spirited manner, and I could see had its effect.

"Now," said I, 'make the mayoral understand that just at this moment it is necessary we should see clearly — so that it is not precisely the right one for extinguishing his lantern.'

"Somehow the mayoral understood without translation, and picked it up again.

"There was a moment of solemn silence.

"We were separated into two groups, Desbarolles a little in front like a sentinel. The Spanish group was in shade; ours was lit by the trembling light of the lantern, which shone on the barrels of our pieces, and the blades of our hunting-knives. 'Now,' said I to Desbarolles, 'ask these gentlemen to what we are indebted for the favor of their company.' The reply was, that they had come to bring us help. 'Very good,' said I, 'but how did they happen to know that we wanted help?'"

After a little more conversation, and some words in Spanish exchanged with the Mayoral, the visitors retire with "*Vaya usted con Dios!*" a pious and courteous formula in constant use in Spain.

At Aranjuez, when the affair had been related to the corregidor, he declared that the banditti were no banditti at all, but the guards of her Majesty the Queen, which the travellers resolutely disbelieved. How this may have been we have no means of ascertaining; but it does not seem impossible that the parts of bandit and Queen's guard may be occasionally what is called "*doubled*" by the same individuals.

The end of the second volume brings us to Grenada, of which there are some gorgeously-colored descriptions, though we pass them over on account of the familiarity of the subject.

Our readers will, however, perceive, that if they take up M. Dumas' book for mere amusement, they will have no cause to repent doing so; and even such as are more critically inclined will probably be almost reconciled to its egotism and impertinence, by its frolicsome humor and exuberance of animal spirits. — *Westminster Review*.

RELIGIOUS DECISION. — And what is the courage of the established Christian? Is it haughty indifference to the feelings of others? an ostentatious independence that erects itself in contempt of obligations, human and divine? It is the dignity of *religious principle* which, in the eye of a good man, sinks all other objects into insignificance compared with his duty to God. In things indifferent he walks with the world. No studied preciseness in trifles marks his character. But does he come to a point where conscience *doubts* whether an action is right? There he *stops* and *considers*. Does he clearly see that action to be *wrong*? There he *stops* and *stands*. Urge him to go on — entice him — threaten him — there he *stands* inflexible; and if the case requires it, stands against an opposing world. — *Dr. Porter*.

A CHAPTER ON THE ART OF EATING.

It is not the ambitious purpose of this paper to teach the noble art of eating; that is a task claiming the genius, the endowments, and the experience, respectively, of an accomplished gastronome and a skilful *chef*, united in the same individual. And where is such a black swan to be found? Be it our more humble office to prepare and smooth the way to the course of study which shall produce such a paragon, by proving, from the testimony of actual example, that the art is worth cultivating, even in a mere worldly point of view. As a virtue, there is none which is more emphatically "its own reward;" and, to that reward, in a moral point of view, we leave it. But as a social accomplishment let none undervalue its worth—at all events, till they have read the true story to which we now claim their attention, be the judgments of all men suspended.

Of course the scene of our story lies in Paris, where alone eating can be said to have reached the dignity of an art; and equally, of course, it dates about five-and-thirty years back; for the industrial movement of the last quarter of a century, by turning France into "a nation of shopkeepers" like ourselves, has not merely arrested the progress of this as of all the other fine arts, but has driven it back at least two centuries; and the *tant par tête* restaurants of Paris have lately given it the *coup de grace*. You may now dine as "cheap and nasty" in Paris as you can in London, and by thus making it the interest of the *chef* that his clients should eat as little as possible, instead of as much, a blow has been struck at the very principle of the art, from which it will take a long time to recover.

But we confidently hope that the case is still one of *reculer pour mieux sauter*, and that when the reaction does take place, it will be as signal as salutary, and this noblest and most necessary of all the arts may, "after long seeming dead," rise, with wings on its shoulders, and mount into a science.

In the meantime to our story, which dates at the period when Napoleon was at the height of his imperial power, and had just issued his famous *dictum* (marked "private," and, therefore, better known and remembered than any of his public decrees), that *his noblesse must eclipse in splendor that of the Bourbons*. ("Il faut que la nouvelle noblesse fasse oublier l'ancienne.")

At the period in question, the Duc de Cadore was in great favor at the imperial court, and had taken under his protection a young and clever advocate, M. Paulin de Crassous, whose fortunes

he determined to push by every legitimate means, and, if needful, by some that were not so.

The duke began by what we call in England (more expressively than elegantly) "pitchforking" his *protégé* into the Cour des Comptes, of which he procured him to be nominated one of the first-class referendaries. This, while it gave him an excellent present income, and a high ostensible position in his profession, did still more for him in the way of prospect than of performance, seeing that the court in question (thanks to patronage rather than to personal merit) was somewhat strangely constituted, its members being, for the most part, artillery officers who were past their work, elderly physicians who had outlived their patients, owners of ancient names who had forsworn the Lilies for the Bees, and other relics of the Revolution, for whom it was difficult to provide elsewhere. And as M. Paulin de Crassous was the cleverest man and the best lawyer among them, it followed, as a necessary consequence, that he must in due time become their president.

But this was not enough. Our young advocate was ambitious, and his protector was determined to advance him, if possible, to the highest places in his profession. To this end, however, it was necessary that his *protégé* should make a greater figure in the world than his income, ample as it was for his mere personal wants, would admit of. The duke, therefore, suggested a wealthy marriage, to which the young lawyer was nothing loath; and, having looked about him a little, he fixed for his *coup d'essai* upon the pretty daughter and sole heiress of M. de Varnorin, an army contractor, who had made millions by successful speculations, and who was wise enough to think that there was no better way of spending them than in the refined pleasures of the table.

As the *partie* in question was, in point of fortune, greatly above his present pretensions, our young aspirant was too prudent to open the siege in his own person, but intrusted it to his patron, the Duc de Cadore, who happened to be personally intimate with M. de Varnorin, and, from his high position at court, had almost unbounded influence over the great capitalist.

The duke took a fitting opportunity of naming his young *protégé* to M. Varnorin, expatiating on his singular merits, and high prospects in his profession, and laying particular stress on the interest which he (the Duke) felt in his welfare and success. He finished by hinting—half

seriously, half in joke — at the excellent *parti* which such a man would be for his charming daughter, and even at the admiration which the young advocate already felt for her, from having once met her at the duke's house.

All this was received by M. Varnorin precisely as the duke and his *protégé* could have wished. The worthy contractor declared that the protection of the duke was a sufficient guarantee, both as to the merit and the future success in life of the young gentleman; that he desired nothing better for his daughter than such a husband as the duke described, and so protected; and, finally, that he begged to have an early opportunity of judging for himself as to the mere personal qualities of M. de Crassous, whom he invited, through the duke, to dine with him the next day.

Our readers will be pleased to observe, that M. Varnorin was one of the most accomplished and enthusiastic gastronomes of that golden age of gastronomy, — that era when the illustrious Carême presided over the *cuisine* of the Arch-chancellor Cambacères, and the scarcely less illustrious De Cussy had inspired with a love of his art the iron stomach of Napoleon himself, of whom he was the chief *maitre d'hôtel*. M. Varnorin was the chosen friend and dinner associate of all the most approved gastronomes of their time; of Grimod de la Reynière, Gastaldi, Barbe Marbois, Brillat Savarin, &c.; indeed it was he who first enunciated the axiom that, "*L'homme mange — l'homme d'esprit seul sait manger.*" The only defect in M. Varnorin's character was, that, like all enthusiasts, he pushed his principles to a vicious extreme, inasmuch that nothing could persuade him out of the belief that a weak and ill-instructed stomach was the sure concomitant of a weak and ill-conducted brain.

Our young referendary, on the contrary, was a person of unusual abstemiousness as well as of simplicity in his diet. As may be supposed, therefore, his first introduction to the dinner-table of M. Varnorin was a miserable failure; and what made it worse was, that while it confirmed his incipient passion for the graceful, lively, and *spirituelle* heiress, it gave him every reason to believe that his hopes would meet with any thing but obstacles on her part. In fact, as he handed her from the *salle à manger* at the close of the repast, in reply to a commonplace remark of his as to the apparent rapidity with which the dinner had past, she said, —

"Ah, monsieur, it would have passed still more rapidly, and to much better purpose, if your appetite had been on a par with your wit and gallantry."

Our young friend accepted the seeming compliment without understanding it, and — thanks

to the pre-occupation of his mind with the various attractions of the daughter, her wealth being not among the least (for it must be recollected that M. de Crassous, though a lover, was still a lawyer), the extreme coldness evinced by the father in wishing him good-night was wholly unnoticed. But when he called the next day to pay his respects, and cultivate the acquaintance already (as he thought) so happily begun, there was no mistaking the matter. M. de Varnorin was evidently disposed to repulse his pretensions altogether, and the young referendary immediately betook himself to his friend and patron, to relate his disappointment.

"My dear young friend," said the duke, after he had stated his case, "excuse me, but you really must have committed some strange solecism or other in your manners. M. Varnorin is the best creature in the world, and never would have treated you as you describe (especially after what I said to him), unless you had made some unlucky assault upon his partialities or his prejudices."

"I thought at first," said the young advocate, "that there must have been something of the kind; though, in order to do honor to your good opinion, monsieur le duc, I had all my wits about me. But, on carefully re-considering the whole of my conduct and bearing during the visit, I really cannot help feeling that they were irreproachable."

"Well," said the duke, "I'll go to him tomorrow, and contrive to learn the meaning of this change in his demeanour towards you; for you say that his first reception of you was every thing that was cordial and hearty. Depend upon it you made some blunder, and we must see whether a little diplomacy will not set matters right again."

Accordingly, the next day the duke called on his millionaire friend.

"Well," said the duke, after the usual topics of the moment had been talked of, "how do you like my young friend De Crassous? Capital fellow, is he not?"

"Ah, monsieur le duc!" cried M. Varnorin, "let me intreat you not to name him any more. As a friend of yours, my salons will of course always be open to him; but my *salle à manger* — ah! he shall never set his foot in that again!"

"Good Heavens, my dear Varnorin!" cried the duke. "Why, what has he been doing? You really alarm me!"

"Doing?" echoed the good gastronome, in a rage that all his respect for the duke could not suppress, — "Doing? Only conceive, monsieur le duc: in the first place, he was helped twice to soup! — of the two, a more ridiculous solecism than not eating soup at all. Then, after

trifling a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes over a slice of *bœuf à l'étarlate*, imagine him passing in succession, with a disdainful shake of his head at each, an *aspic de filets mignons de perdreaux*, *scalopes de poularde au vélouté*, *cailles en caisse*, et *poulet de grains à la purée d'écrevisses*! And—only conceive it, monsieur le duc—not to be moved even by that last and noblest achievement of the gastronomic art, a *vol-au-vent à la financière*! You know my sentiments on these matters. In any thing else your wishes are commands; but let me intreat you not to name M. de Crassous to me again. The idea of having such a man for a son-in-law is too much."

The duke saw how matters stood; and when M. Varnorin had exhausted his first burst of indignation, he rejoined quietly,—

"Nay, my dear Varnorin, you are really unreasonable; and yet I have always known you for a man of sense and judgment. I grant you all you say, in the abstract. If my young friend really were the stock and stone that you describe him, I should be the last man in the world to recommend him to your notice. But you have been precipitate in your judgment. No doubt he was ill, and under the orders of his physician, and, therefore, more to be pitied than blamed for not being in a condition to do justice to such hospitality as yours. Come, come, my good friend, you have been too hasty: you must give him another trial."

"Well," said the good-natured financier, somewhat pacified, "if you think so, monsieur le duc, I suppose I must also. The truth is, that in all other respects the young man pleased me well enough. In fact he *must* have been ill. There *can* be no other explanation of what I have told you. Well, we'll give him a month to get well, and then I'll ask him to dine with me again; and you, monsieur le duc, will, perhaps, do me the honor to be of the party, and witness the experiment on your *protégé*."

And so it was agreed, and the duke repaired to his *protégé* and related all that had passed, adding,—

"I see no way of getting you out of the scrape but this,—you must put your digestive powers under a course of education with our friend Grimod de la Reynière, who tells me that the stomach is the most tractable viscera in nature, and that, with proper and judicious treatment, you may accustom it to any thing. Go to him, follow his directions, or (still better) his example, and I engage to say that within the month you shall become a gastronome of the first order. Nay, I know what you are going to say. You may succumb under the trial?—Not to mention your dignity as a magistrate? But recol-

lect the young lady! She is charming, you say? Besides, a wise man may risk a fit or two of indigestion to become a millionnaire."

The young referendary, with all his habitual gravity, could scarcely help laughing at this sally of his worthy protector; but he promised to follow his counsel, nevertheless, and kept his word.

Grimod de la Reynière was, perhaps, the most signal and significant example that modern times have offered, of the value and virtue of the noble art of eating. His contemporary, Talleyrand, was the only competitor who could dispute the palm with him in this respect. Both were men of infinite wit and most subtle intellect; and if circumstances made one as great a diplomatist and statesman as he was an accomplished *gourmet*, it may be more than doubted whether the other, in adhering strictly to his own axiom, that "man lives to eat, not eats to live," did not make the wiser choice. In fact, gastronomy, like painting, demands the whole man. To be a perfect diplomatist and a perfect *gourmet*, is not given to mortal man. Accordingly, in the latter particular, Grimod de la Reynière bore away the palm from Talleyrand himself.

As the gastronomical maxims and opinions of this accomplished person, as enunciated for the benefit of our young referendary, cannot fail to be of more or less application to future cases of a similar character, we shall make no apology for embodying them in our story.

It was the first axiom in the code of Grimod de la Reynière, that to sit down to dinner with an appetite is worse than a crime. He laid it down as a rule, that a hungry man could not by possibility perceive, much less appreciate, the true merits or demerits of any given dish that might be set before him. He held that appetite is, in fact, a condition of factitious exaltation and excitement, which inevitably misleads and deceives the palate, wholly incapacitating it from the exercise of that delicate discernment which constitutes the special superiority of the gastrosophist over the ordinary eater.

Holding, as he did, that the mental functions depend for their due exercise on those of the body, and that the bodily functions generally are regulated in their action by those of the stomach, Grimod de la Reynière went the full length of contending that, in improving and elevating the art of eating, you necessarily improve and elevate all the other arts and sciences; all of them being more or less dependent on this one, or rather all of them radiating from it as a common centre. In a word, the theory and practice of Grimod de la Reynière seem to have had their origin in the philosophical axiom of his friend Cabanis,—that man is neither more nor less than a sublime alembic.

On presenting himself to this celebrated gourmand, with a letter of special introduction from their mutual friend, the Duke de Cadore, our young aspirant after eating honors was received with every mark of friendly interest; and having confidentially explained his melancholy case, and the immediate object of his visit, was consoled by the assurance that if he had but resolution to become at once tractable and persevering there was not the least occasion to despair of arriving, even within the necessary period, at a very fair proficiency in the art and mystery on which (it was quite clear to his new adviser) his future prospects depended.

"But," said Grimod de la Reynière, "there is not a moment to be lost; and in order that we may unite practice with precept, I must beg you to accept my humble roof and table for the next fortnight, by the end of which time I trust you will be sufficiently advanced to go alone."

"I suppose," continued Grimod, beginning his course of instruction on the spot, "I suppose that, like the rest of the world, you have fallen into the common mistake of deluging your unfortunate stomach with oceans of tea or coffee, or both, almost before it was awake in the morning?"

"I confess," said M. de Crassous, "that such has been my habit; and I am afraid it will be impossible for me to breakfast on any thing else."

"Impossible!" cried Grimod. "My dear young friend, do you not know that our great emperor has banished the word 'impossible' from the dictionary? There is nothing impossible; and least of all is there any thing impossible to that noblest of organs, the human stomach. Are you not aware that those English barbarians on the other side of the Channel—no less savage in their eating than in every thing else—have succeeded in accustoming their stomachs to clasp knives, and that there are men among them who will at any time swallow you one for the value of a five-franc piece? * It is precisely because nothing is impossible to the human stomach that you are alive to tell me of the barbarities you have so long practised upon yours, in deluging and distending it with hot liquors precisely at that moment when it asks an opposite treatment. Coffee," continued the gastronomic sage, "is detestable at this stage of the digestive duties, and tea is worse. Both of them are blunders, even on the principle on which they are taken,—that of assisting the digestion—when there is nothing to digest! But the quality attributed to them is a mere vulgar error. Both of them act upon the nervous system; and by a reaction,

* The English reader will call to mind more than one or two well-authenticated cases, which prove that the above citation was not a fable.

which is not felt except in its consequences, they incapacitate that system from lending its due assistance to the digestive powers when it is most needed. Our first step must be to reform this capital error; yet not too suddenly. We must not go from one extreme to another without an intermediate step or two. For the next three mornings I shall allow you to breakfast on a cup of carefully concocted chocolate,—a composition which has the merit of being meat and drink at the same time. On the fourth and fifth mornings you will take the leg of a *capon au gros sel*; on the sixth you will be in a condition to attack a *poulet en daube*, or a slice of *pâté de dinde piqué de jambon*; on the seventh you will have reached the confines of the *cotelette de mouton au naturel*, and the *filet de bœuf au jus*; and I confidently hope that by the tenth morning you will have arrived at that happy condition, short of which no true gastronomist ever thinks of stopping—that condition, the value and virtue of which I have embodied in an axiom that ought to be written in letters of gold over the door of every *salle à manger* aspiring to do honor to its name,—BREAKFAST AS IF YOU DID NOT INTEND TO DINE, AND DINE AS IF YOU HAD NOT BREAKFASTED."

Our limits do not permit us to furnish the reader with any further details as to the course of study prescribed by the great gastronomist, and pursued with befitting energy and perseverance by his pupil. Suffice it that, at the end of three weeks, Grimod pronounced the young magistrate to be the most distinguished adept in the art and mystery of eating that he had ever had the honor to initiate; and that on the great day of trial he came off so victoriously as almost to spoil the dinner of the good M. Varnorin with mingled astonishment and admiration.

"It is wonderful, monsieur le duc!" he exclaimed to M. de Cadore, who sat beside him. "A thousand thanks for urging me to a second trial of your young friend! Why, his judgment and discrimination are equal to his prowess! Such a man cannot fail to reach, as he richly merits, the highest honors of his profession. I desire no better, monsieur le duc, than to have such a man for my son-in-law. He has only, therefore, to obtain my daughter's good opinion, and the thing is settled."

And here our story might have ended, but that another gastronomic *contretemps* threatened to undo all which wise teaching and apt scholarship had thus far accomplished in favor of our aspiring magistrate. It so happened, that precisely at the period to which our story has now reached, a most wonderful trout had been caught in the Lake of Geneva; a trout of such miraculous dimensions, that "the oldest inhabitant" had

never seen or heard of any thing like it; a trout, the unrivalled pretensions of which, while they evidently imposed upon the town council the duty, offered at the same time the signal occasion, of making known to the whole civilized world the fame of their lake in respect of this particular production.

But how to accomplish this important object in the most efficient manner?

The town council met on the occasion; they considered, they consulted, they debated; and the result was, a resolution, that the wonder in question should be sent as a present to the prince arch-chancellor of the empire — Cambacères. It was for a long time contended, that the proposed homage was due to no one less elevated than the emperor himself; but it was sagaciously and successfully urged that, as the emperor was well known to be no *gourmet*, the event would fail to obtain that vast renown which the great sacrifice they were about to make demanded. Whereas, if it were presented to that dignitary, who was at once the most distinguished subject of the emperor and the most illustrious gastronome in the world, the double object would be attained, of complimenting the emperor in the person of his favorite minister, and securing for the fish and its birth-place that gastronomic fame which could only be looked for at the hands of consummate eaters.

Accordingly, the monster trout was sent to Cambacères, was graciously accepted, was made the cynosure of a banquet befitting the occasion, and was duly devoured by the *élite* of the gastronomes of Paris — our young magistrate being by this time fully installed in that distinguished category.

Three months elapsed. Proposals of marriage were duly made by the referendary, modestly acquiesced in by the young heiress, and warmly approved and accepted by the admiring millionaire, — when an event occurred which threatened to mar the hopes of all parties. The time had arrived for the various communes and other administrative bodies of the empire to render to the central administration of the capital their respective accounts for the current year; which accounts were referred by the chief president, Barbe Marbois, to the proper quarters for examination and verification. It so happened that the accounts of the town council of Geneva (which at that period, it will be remembered, formed part of the French empire), were referred to our young referendary, M. Paulin de Crassous; and among those accounts he found an item to the following effect: — “To the purchase, packing, conveyance by post-horses, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera, of a trout, sent as a present from the city of Geneva to his imperial

highness, the prince arch-chancellor of the empire — 6000 francs.”

M. de Crassous smiled as he read this item, but it was not his cue to take any other notice of it; and he passed the account, subject to the approval of a majority of his colleagues, whom he had hitherto found sufficiently tractable to preclude any thought on his part of their interfering with his decisions. Here, however, was an occasion for the bursting forth of that storm of concealed jealousy which had long been brewing in the breasts of the other members of the *Cour des Comptes*, at finding at their head a young man so much their inferior in all things, except those talents and habits of business which were the fitting qualifications for such an office. The item in question was seized upon by one of the court as the handle for instituting a private cabal, which presently blossomed into a formidable and determined opposition; and when the question of passing the accounts of the town council of Geneva came before the court, the leader of the cabal made a flaming speech, in which the terms, “corruption,” “patronage,” “favoritism,” “subserviency,” and so forth, on the one hand; and “public duty,” “patriotism,” et cetera, et cetera, on the other, figured with a profusion and brilliancy that would have done honor to a debate on a lord mayor’s banquet in our own common council.

The success of this tirade emboldened several other members of the court to deliver themselves to the same effect; the piquant and contemptuous pleasantries with which the obnoxious party replied to these insidious charges and dark insinuations doubled the mischief; and it was clear, that unless some expedient could be hit upon to gain time, the prospects of the worthy referendary would be seriously compromised; for he was at this very moment on the point of being advanced (by the influence of his all-powerful protector, the Duke de Cadore) to that high point in his profession on which his marriage depended.

In this emergency his excellent gastronomic friend, Barbe Marbois, who presided at the council as first president, came to his aid, by adjourning the further consideration of the Geneva accounts till a future day.

And now what was to be done? There was no hope of averting the storm, unless by the interference of the emperor, who being the simplest of livers himself, was not likely to go out of his way to countenance the extravagance of a distant commune.

As his new gastronomic habits and connexions had got him into the scrape, our shrewd referendary determined that they should, if possible, get him out of it again; and to this end he hastened to consult his new friend, M. de Cussy, who

happened to be at this period chief *maitre d'hôtel* to the emperor.

The object evidently was, to interest the emperor *personally* in favor of that art to which the worthy Genevese had made so noble a sacrifice in the instance of the monster trout.

"The case is a difficult one," said M. de Cussy, when his young friend had duly laid it before him in the full confidence of brother *convives*; "but it is not hopeless — thanks to the particular position in which, at this moment, I happen to stand with his imperial majesty. His worthy physician, M. Cabanis, a few days ago, directed that the emperor should for a considerable time to come eat nothing but the wing of a roasted poulette every morning with his breakfast."

"But how can this fact assist us?" asked De Crassous, somewhat impatiently. "If the wing of a simple roasted pullet is of such efficacy, what becomes of your boasted art, Monsieur de Cussy?"

"Have patience, my young friend, and you shall hear," replied the great artist, self-complacently. "As I have the honor to assist in person at the service of his majesty's breakfast, I find that he has already become thoroughly tired of his roasted pullet; yet pullet, and nothing but pullet, M. Cabanis insists that he shall eat. Under these grave circumstances, I this morning took the liberty of suggesting to his majesty, that if he would permit me to serve the prescribed dish dressed in a different fashion every morning during the next three or six months, I would stake my reputation on the fact, that he should not grow tired of it."

"*Que diable!* M. de Cussy," exclaimed his majesty, on hearing this proposition. "Do you mean to say that you can dress a pullet in a hundred and eighty-two different fashions?"

"I, of course, explained to his majesty that the performance in question would afford but a very poor and limited proof of the resources of our noble art. The emperor smiled incredulously, but, nevertheless, agreed that I should try my skill during the next ten days. Now, out of this, my young friend," continued the worthy *maitre d'hôtel*, "something may arise to help our case. During the interval between this and the decision on your Report, I will try every resource my knowledge and skill offer, to impress my illustrious master with a due sense of the importance and value of our art (an indifference to which is the only point that impeaches his claim to be regarded as the greatest of men); and I do not despair of thus gaining an opportunity of interesting him in your little affair, in which I hold the honor of our art to be concerned."

About a week after this conversation, M. de

Cussy, judging from observations made in the interval, determined to put in practice on the following morning his little *ruse* in favor of his friend, De Crassous; preparatory to which he put in requisition the utmost resources of his art, to concoct a new and hitherto unequalled sauce, with which to serve his poulet of the eventful morning. Twenty times his new combinations failed to satisfy the requirements of his own infallible palate. At last, however, by a profoundly-considered combination of the four most famous and favored methods of his own *cuisine* and that of his friend Carême — namely, the Marengo, the Mayonnaise, the Velouté, and the Espagnole — he succeeded in producing a result which at once surprised and satisfied even his own consummate taste in matters culinary.

Napoleon evidently appreciated this *tour de force* of his accomplished *chef*.

"This is capital!" he exclaimed, while partaking of the accustomed *aile de poulet* under its new appliances. "Really, M. de Cussy, you are an extraordinary person in your way."

Now, then, was evidently the favorable moment.

"Oh, sire," exclaimed M. de Cussy, modestly, "your majesty's good opinion overwhelms me with delight; and it is the more gratifying to me at a moment when certain ill-conditioned spirits (no friends to the honor and glory of your majesty's empire) are moving heaven and earth to discredit and disparage the noble and honorable art, a humble effort of which your majesty has deigned to approve."

"*Que diable* is it that you are talking about, M. de Cussy?" cried Napoleon good-naturedly. "Has any body been interfering with your honorable functions? Are we threatened with a revolution in the *cuisine*?"

"Ah, a thousand pardons, sire! I have been indiscreet. But —" And the worthy man pretended to hesitate.

"But what? — speak, man, speak!" cried the emperor.

"Ah, sire," resumed M. de Cussy, with an appearance of humble timidity, "when men in authority — when the great ones of the land league themselves together to — But pardon, sire — I say no more. My love of the art to which I am devoted in your majesty's service has tempted me to say too much already."

"*Que diable* is all this *salmagundi* about?" exclaimed the emperor, somewhat impatiently. for he had by this time finished his miraculous *aile de poulet*. "Speak out plainly, M. de Cussy: I desire you will do so."

"If your majesty commands me, I obey," said the wary *maitre d'hôtel*. "I took the liberty of alluding to a lamentable circumstance, which, I

hear, is likely to occur at the coming sitting of the Cour des Comptes, when the judges are said to have made up their minds to disallow the accounts of the good city of Geneva, because they contain an item of 6000 francs for the expenses of a noble gastronomic present which they lately made to your majesty's arch-chancellor."

"Not allow them to be liberal with their own money?" exclaimed the emperor; and he seized a pen, scrawled a few hasty lines, called for a

messenger, put them into his hands, dismissed his *maitre d'hôtel*, and two days after a decree was promulgated, interdicting the Cour de Comptes from troubling their heads about the employment of corporation funds.

It is needless to add, that M. Paulin de Crasous obtained his expected appointment, married the millionaire's daughter, became a millionaire himself; and owed it all to the discretion which he evinced in paying due honor to the Art and Mystery of Eating!—*Fraser's Magazine*.

COLLECTANEA.

THE CONGRESS OF THE UNITED STATES.

"What a mass of Representatives there are here! What singular samples of our vast country! Here sits a Tennessean, and there a Missourian, educated among buffaloes, and nurtured in the forest—as intimate with the passes of the Rocky Mountains as the cit is with Broadway—who lives where hunters and trappers have vexed every hill, and who cares no more for a Pawnee than a professed beau for a bright-plumed belle. Here is a man from the prairies, and there another from the swamps and morasses, whose blood the mosquitoes have utterly stolen away. There is a sallow face from the rice grounds, and here the flushed cheek from the mountains, and by his side a man from the pine grounds—land of tar and turpentine. What a people we are! What a country is this of ours! How wide in extent—how rich in production—how various in beauty! I have asked, in my travels, for the West, in the streets of the Queen of the West—a fairy city which, but as yesterday, was a wilderness. They smiled at my inquiry, and said it was among the 'hoosiers' of Indiana, or the 'suckers' of Illinois. Then I journeyed long. I crossed great rivers, and broad prairies, and again I asked for the West. They said it was in Missouri. I arrived at the capital. They complained that they were 'too far down East.' 'But go,' they said, 'if you would see the West, days and days, and hundreds and hundreds of miles up the Missouri,—farther than from us to New England, and beyond the Rocky Mountains, and among the Snake Indians of the Oregon, and you may find it.' It was the work of a dozen years to find the West, and I turned about in despair. Indeed, I have found no bounds to my country. I have searched for them for months, in almost every clime—under the torrid sun of Louisiana,

and beneath the land of the orange and the olive, the cold sky of Maine. I have seen the rice-planter gathering rich treasures from a bountiful soil, and the fisherman anchoring his little bark on the rocky island, dropping his hook as carefully as if the ocean were full of pearls, and not of—mackerel. I have seen the mill-man sawing wood in all variety of forms, on the farthest soil of New England; and I have beheld the same wood floating down the Savannah, or the beautiful Alabama, in the strangest metamorphoses: it may be, in a clock, regularly ticking off the time, or in a pail; perchance in a button; and, for aught I know, in a tasteless ham, or an unfragrant nutmeg! I have never been off the soil of my own country; and yet I have seen the sun go down a ball of fire, without a moment's notice, twilight flinging over rich, alluvial lands, blooming with magnolias and orange trees—a robe of gold; and, again, I have stood upon the bare rocks of colder climes, and when the trees were pinched by the early frost, I have marked the same vanishing rays reflected from the leaves, as if a thousand birds of paradise were resting in the branches; and when the clouds, streaming with red, and purple, and blue, tinged, and tipped with the pencil of beauty, were floating afar, like rainbows in motion, as if broken from their confinement—now mingling and interlacing their dyes, and glittering arches, and anon sprinkled over, and melting the whole heaven—then I have fancied that I was indeed in a fairy land, where the very forests danced in golden robes, responding to the setting sun, as the statue of fabled Memnon gave forth its welcoming notes as the ray of the morning played upon its summit. I have been where the dog-star rages, scattering pestilence in its train—where the long moss hangs from the trees—where the pale faces and sad countenances give admonition that this is a

region of death. I have stood by the wide prairie, and beheld the green billows rise and fall, and the undulations, chequered with sunlight and shadow, chasing one after the other, afar over the wide expanse. And I have gone amid the storms of winter, over the high hill, upon the loud-cracking crust, amid the music of the merry sleigh bells. And here are the Representatives from all these regions — here in one grand council — all speaking one language — all impelled by one law! Oh, my country, my country! If our destiny be always linked as one — if the same flag, with its glorious stars and stripes, is always the flag of our UNION — never unfurled or defended but by FREEMEN — then Poetry and Prophecy, stretching to their utmost, cannot pre-announce that destiny!"—*Knickerbocker*.

MAN IS NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.

Socrates, at an extreme old age, learnt to play on musical instruments. This would look ridiculous for some of the rich old men in our city, especially if they should take it into their heads to thrum a guitar under a lady's window, which *Socrates* did not do, but only learnt to play upon some instrument of his time, not a guitar, for the purpose of resisting the wear and tear of old age.

Cato, at eighty years of age, thought proper to learn the Greek language. Many of our young men at thirty and forty have forgotten even the alphabet of a language the knowledge of which was necessary to enter college, and which was made a daily exercise through college. A fine comment upon their love of letters, truly.

Plutarch, when between seventy and eighty, commenced the study of the Latin. Many of our young lawyers, not thirty years of age, think that *nisi prius, scire facias, &c.*, are English expressions; and if you tell them that a knowledge of the Latin would make them appear a little more respectable in their profession, they will reply that they are *too old* to think of learning Latin.

Boccaccio was thirty-five years old, when he commenced his studies in polite literature. Yet he became one of the three great masters of the Tuscan dialect, Dante and Petrarca being the other two. There are many among us ten years younger than *Boccaccio* who are dying of *ennui*, and regret that they were not educated to a taste for literature, but now they are *too old*.

Sir Henry Spelman neglected the sciences in his youth, but commenced the study of them when he was between fifty and sixty years of

age. After this time he became the most learned antiquarian and lawyer. Our young men begin to think of laying their seniors on the shelf when they have reached sixty years of age. How different the present estimate put upon experience from that which characterized a certain period of the Grecian republic, when a man was not allowed to open his mouth in caucuses or political meetings who was under forty years of age!

Colbert, the famous French Minister, at sixty years of age, returned to his Latin and law studies. How many of our *college-learned* men have ever looked into their classics since their graduation?

Dr. Johnson applied himself to the Dutch language but a few years before his death. Most of our merchants and lawyers of twenty-five, thirty, and forty years of age, are obliged to apply to a teacher to translate a business letter, written in the French language, which might be learnt in the tenth part of the time required for the study of the Dutch — and all because they are *too old to learn*.

Ludovico Monaldesco, at the great age of one hundred and fifteen, wrote the memoirs of his own times. A singular exertion, noticed by *Voltaire*, who was himself one of the most remarkable instances of the progress of age in new studies.

Ogilby, the translator of *Homer* and *Virgil*, was unacquainted with Latin and Greek till he was past fifty.

Franklin did not fully commence his philosophical pursuits till he had reached his fiftieth year. How many among us, of thirty, forty, and fifty, who read nothing but newspapers for the want of a taste for natural philosophy! But they are *too old to learn*.

Accorso, a great lawyer, being asked why he began the study of law so late, answered that, indeed, he began it late, but he should, therefore, master it the sooner. This agrees with our theory, that healthy old age gives a man the power of accomplishing a difficult study in much less time than would be necessary to one of half his years.

Dryden, in his sixty-eighth year, commenced the translation of the *Iliad*; and his most pleasing productions were written in his old age.

We could go on and cite thousands of examples of men who commenced a new study, and struck out into an entirely new pursuit, either for livelihood or amusement, at an advanced age. But every one familiar with the biography of distinguished men will recollect individual cases enough to convince him that none but the sick and indolent will ever say, *I am too old to study*. — *Excerpt*.

SHORT REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

THE WORKS OF GEORGE SAND. Vol. 3. MAUPRAT. Vol. 4. THE COMPANION OF THE TOUR OF FRANCE. E. Churton.

Mauprat is one of the best of the novels of Madame Dudevant. It opens with a graphic sketch, historically accurate, of the state of France prior to the revolution, and the manners and feudal influence at that period of the old nobility in provinces distant from the capital. The story is that of a bandit rescued from ignorance and brutality by female influence, and its moral lies in a powerful contrast of the elevating tendencies of a pure affection with the coarse and debasing sensualities of passion. The title of the fourth volume, 'The Companion of the Tour of France,' is not intelligible English, and reminds us of several errors we have noticed in the progress of the translation, into which Miss Hays has fallen, sometimes from adhering too closely to the original version, and in other cases from misapprehending the text. A "Companion" is a member of a trades' union; the "Tour of France" refers to the wandering of artisans from town to town, and from lodge to lodge of their own body, after the custom very generally prevalent on the continent among workmen, and described in 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship.' The hero of the tale is the son of a carpenter, and the design of the author appears to have been to paint the *beau idéal* of a man of the people, aiming at higher objects than wealth or station, and devoting himself to the solution of the social problems most intimately connected with the welfare of his own class. An extraordinary instance of misapprehension of the meaning of the text, and of a total oblivion of one of the most familiar facts of modern French history will be found at page 26, where the word *Assignats* is explained to signify *Mortgage*.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL PROGRESS OF EMPIRE AND CIVILIZATION. By the Rev. T. Price. London.

An extension of an article on the same subject which appeared in the 'Athenæum' and the 'Augsburg Gazette,' in 1844. The author is of opinion that empire and civilization, or national pre-eminence, "have always progressed in a north-western direction, at the average rate of a degree in seventy-two years, and in a route describing a slightly undulating line, with secondary undulations or oscillations; which line, if extended, would form a zone encircling the globe. He traces the progress of the centralizing influence from the mouth of the Euphrates through Palestine, Greece, Italy, and France, to Britain, where a rapidly increasing national

pre-eminence is at present located; the time occupied in the progress of the centralizing influence — believed by the author to be analogous to electricity — from the former point to the latter, being a period of 4,092 years.

There is much curious matter in this pamphlet, which is illustrated by several diagrams, showing the route of the supposed influence.

THE BOOK OF POETRY. London: James Burns.

Is a collection of poems and ballads, selected carefully, and got up in the style that distinguishes this publisher's works, in which we recognize many pieces from authors of acknowledged merit.

POEMS. By Spencer T. Hall. London: W. S. Orr & Co.

A tiny volume of poems about woods, trees, fields, and country cottages, written in a very pleasing spirit, by one who wants to do and think the best with and for every thing. Mr. Spencer Hall is a poet of Sherwood Forest, and believes in Robin Hood heartily, as a forester is surely bound to do. His poetry is of this style:—

"Little old hamlet! Dearly do I love thee,
Thy cluster of gray homes and gardens green,
And woodland waving solemnly above thee,
With hooded well and muttering rill between
And children gambolling round housewife clean,
Or patriarch, sunning at his open door,
And reading news from many a distant scene,
To gathering gossips, who admire his lore,
Thinking each fresh event more strange than all
before.

The little volume is so full of kindly thoughts, that we cannot help wishing for it a kind reception.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

ENGLAND.

Burn's (R.) Statistics on the Cotton Trade, 12s.

Collins's Memoranda for 1848, with Almanac, 3s.

Communion Service (The) Considered, by Philo-Biblion, 2s. 6d.

Dawes's (Rev. R.) Hints for Improved Secular Instruction, 2s. 9d.

Fiske's (Rev. J. G.) Pastor's Memorial of the Holy Land, 7s. 6d.

M'Caul's (Rev. A.) Introduction to Hebrew Grammar, 4s. cl.

Pickwick Illustrations in Thirty-two Plates, 1s. 6d.

Practical Mechanic and Engineer's Mag. Vol. II. Second Series, 10s. 6d.

Snow (Dr. J.) On the Inhalation of Ether, 3s. 6d.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

A number of antique articles of gold and silver have recently been discovered in the neighbourhood of the town of Lepsek (Lampsacus) in Asia Minor. Among the larger articles are a large cylindrical vase with handles, ornamented with arabesques; four silver vessels with handles, upon which are female heads; a large candelabrum with three branches; a gold necklace of beautiful workmanship, weighing 480 grains; forty silver spoons the bowls of which are about twice as long, as wide, and as deep as of those now in use; the handles are also longer and covered with almost illegible Greek inscriptions; at the end of each side of the handles is engraved a female bust with the name Artemis over it; each spoon weighs 750 grains; a large silver plate in the form of a star; and a round plate of silver weighing 37,540 grains on which stands the image of a magnificently dressed woman; she is surrounded by a fox, a peacock, and a parrot; and at her feet repose two lions, on each of which rides a child. These objects probably belonged to a temple of Diana, who was very zealously worshipped at Lampsacus. Further researches are to be instituted. — *Revue Archeologique*.

THE COPPER MINES OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

An Adelaide correspondent sends us the following amusing particulars relating to this sudden issue of colonial wealth, and the scramble that ensued for its possession.

"The discovery of these mines took place at a time when the great majority of the settlers, overwhelmed in ruin, were seeking relief in the Insolvent Debtors Court; and some were filing their schedules who shortly afterwards found immense treasures under land previously unsaleable at any price. One gentleman in very distressed circumstances cleared 9,000*l.* for a section of 88 acres; which, having discovered the secret of a mine, he purchased with great trouble at the upset price of 1*l.* an acre. The celebrated Burra-Burra mine — one of the richest copper mines in the world — very nearly passed out of the hands of the South Australian settlers into those of Sydney speculators in consequence of the scarcity of specie in the colony at the time of its discovery. The persons who discovered it applied for a special survey under the colonial rule which permits any parties to take 20,000 acres at 1*l.* an acre, without competition. The governor required the purchase money to be paid down in cash on the expiration of a month from the day on which the special survey was granted. When the day arrived for completing the purchase, private squabbles and the scarcity of cash had left the purchasers far short of the required sum. The imminent danger brought about a general union of all the Adelaide folks,

high and low. Every man produced his gold and silver, — and threw it into one common fund. Laborers put down their savings, and old women and thrifty young wives brought out sovereigns from old stockings, tea bags, and all sorts of odd corners. Those who did not choose to take shares in the mines got ample value for their money in cattle, land, dry goods — any thing which the impetuous gentlemen who rushed about with cash-boxes in their hands, like canvassers in a contested election, had to offer. Sovereigns were worth 40*s.* that day. The 20,000*l.* was lodged in the Treasury half an hour before the hour struck which would have forfeited the claims of the discoverers. Original 5*l.* shares rose to 112*l.* — and now sell for 72*l.* for cash.

"The mine is one of the wonders of the world. Two miles of galleries have already been constructed; and the ores are so heavy that the mines are quarrying rather than mining. The ore is conveyed down to Adelaide in bullock drays. Although the whole distance is a level, hundreds of bullocks die on the road — which is strewn with their bones. The cost of carriage is 4*l.* 10*s.* per ton; but no doubt a tram road will soon be made, — which would reduce this item materially. This discovery has given a wonderful impetus to the colony. Unfortunately, it has turned all men into mine gamblers. There is no talk now of sheep or of stock; geology is the one pursuit — and the hammer and pick are the universal tools of gentle and simple."

— *Athenæum*.

According to a late statistical report, there are at present in the Prussian dominions 24,605 public establishments for education: — viz., 6 Universities, 2 Academies, 117 Gymnasias, 32 Pro-Gymnasias, 41 Seminaries for Teachers, 100 Civic Schools of the higher class, 661 Intermediate Schools (*Mittel Schulen*), and 23,646 Elementary Schools. The number of Teachers employed is 35,304: — of whom 495 are attached to the Universities and Academies, 450 to Gymnasias, and 29,631 to the Elementary Schools. The pupils in these several establishments amount to 2,455,121. Of these, 3,641 frequent the Universities and Academies, and 26,900 the Gymnasias, exclusive of foreigners. The number of pupils in the Seminaries for Teachers, is 2,546, and in the Elementary Schools 2,328,146. The grants made by the State for the learned schools amount to 109,991*l.* (732,946 dollars), and for the other schools to 53,188*l.* (354,588 dollars): — in all, 163,179*l.* Thus, assuming 16,000,000 to be the population of the Prussian dominions, the number of individuals under instruction is 153.71 in every 1,000. The proportion of teachers to pupils is about 1 in every 69. — We see it stated elsewhere that the number of theological students in all the Prussian universities is diminishing year after year.

Traveller's (The) Almanac and Guide for 1848, with map, 1s.

Vyner's (R. T.) *Notitia Venatica*, a Treatise on Fox Hunting, 15s.

Wilson (Erasmus) On Ringworm, &c., 5s.

Wood's (Rev. W.) Lectures on First Seven Chapters of Daniel, 5s.

FRANCE.

Oeuvres de Condorcet, publiées par Condorcet O'Connor et M. F. Arago. Tom. 12. Paris. \$1.40.

Oeuvres choisies de Diderot, précédées de sa vie, par M. F. Génin. 2 vols. Paris. \$1.20.

Oeuvres, par le Grand Frédéric. Tom. 4 et 5. Berlin. \$2.33.

Répertoire général d'économie politique ancienne et moderne, par A. Sandelin. La Haye.

Le monopole et la liberté dans l'enseignement moyen ou parallèle entre les systèmes de France et de Belgique, par P. E. Gase. Bruxelles. 62c.

Cours d'études historiques, par P. C. F. Daunou. Paris. \$1.60.

Histoire des peuples et des révolutions d'Europe, depuis 1789, jusqu'à nos jours, par C. Leynadier. Paris. \$10.

Histoire des souverains pontifes romains, par Artaud de Montor. Paris. Tom. 5 et 6. \$1.20.

Histoire de la Gaule sous l'administration romaine, par A. M. Thierry. Tom. 3. Paris. \$1.20.

Histoire des Basques depuis leur établisse-

ment dans les Pyrénées occidentales. Tom. 2 et 3. Bayonne.

Etudes sur l'empire des Tsars; par I. H. Schnitzler. Paris. \$3.

GERMANY.

Leibnizens gesammelte Werke, herausgegeben von Geo. H. Pertz. Hannover. \$14.

Leibniz und Landgraf Ernst von Hessen-Rheinfels. Ein ungedruckter Briefwechsel. Von Ch. von Bommel. Frankfurt. \$4.

Arn. Ruge's gesammelte Schriften. 8 Bde. Mannheim. \$12.

A. W. von Schlegel's sämtliche Werke. Herausgegeben von Ed. Böcking. 12 Bd. \$1.

Geschichte der Natur, von Dr. H. G. Bronn. Stuttgart.

Die Noth der geistig arbeitenden Classen, das geistige Proletariat und unsere Schulen, von C. G. Schubert. Zürich.

Neue Stimmen aus Frankreich, über Politik und soziales Leben. Leipzig. 37c.

Die Auswanderungen und Ansiedelungen der Deutschen als Nationalsache; von K. V. Sparre. Giessen.

Die Schweiz und ihre Zustände; von Th. Mügge. Hannover. \$5.

Geschichte der eidgenössischen Bünde, von I. E. Kopp. Leipzig. \$6.

Geschichte der Vereinigten Staaten von Nordamerika, von G. Bancroft. Deutsch von A. Kretschmar. Leipzig.

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